

Labor.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread
till thou return unto the ground."—GEN. III. 19.
The curse is to a blessing turned;
Toil on, brave hearts, toil on!
Sweet is the bread that's hardly earned,
The rest that's the dearly won.
For health, and strength, and energy,
Are theirs whose nerves are strung
To act their part right manfully,
Stern labor's ranks among.

And toil was sanctified and blest
By Him who came to save;
Who sought not here an idler's rest,
Nor filled a sluggard's grave.
His hands have grasped the workman's tools;
His brows have sweat with toil;
Though born the universe to rule,
And Death and Hell to spoil.

Then still toil on, ye sons of earth,
Until the respite's given,
And God completes your noble birth,
And hails you sons of Heaven.
E'en though life's little hour you spend
In toils and conflicts sore,
Your labor soon will have an end,
Your rest will end no more.

—Hand and Heart.

AN AMAZON'S RECEPTION.

AN INCIDENT OF 1779.

"Tryon is coming! Tryon is coming!"
was the cry that blanched many a cheek
in Connecticut in the month of July,
1779.

This news, that spread like wildfire
about the towns of Fairfield and Nor-
walk, was well calculated to excite alarm
in Patriot breasts, for Tryon was a mer-
ciless invader, and wherever he went the
torch completed his work of destruction.
In the month of February of the year
just written he had ravaged Kingsbridge
and Horse Neck, and now, for the second
time, had entered the State.

His soldiers committed, under his very
eye, atrocities of the most shocking de-
scription; they plundered without dis-
tinction; old and young, rich and poor
felt alike the merciless hands of the king's
man. East Haven, Fairfield and Nor-
walk were reduced to ashes, and a thou-
sand acts of barbarous cruelty were per-
petrated on the homeless patriots. A
force sufficient to check the advance of
the invader could not be raised in the
State. Connecticut's able-bodied patri-
ots were absent in the army, and their
homes were as defenseless as the lion's
whelps when the parents are away in
search of food.

Governor Tryon knew that he would
find Connecticut completely at his mer-
cy, and congratulated himself on the easy
conquest that invited him to her shores.
He succeeded in his errand of devastation,
and returned to his superiors with
victory in his hand. But he made his
name odious throughout North America,
and his memory execrable to every pa-
triot in the land.

Not far from Norwalk stood the plain
home of Barbara Bidlack, whose husband
was an artisaner doing duty under Knox.
She was a large, muscular woman whose
strength was prodigious; it had gained
for her the singular sobriquet of "Mrs.
Hercules," a title of which she was rather
proud than otherwise. Her features
were rather inclined to coarseness, and a
close physiognomist would have conclud-
ed that there was Celtic blood in her
veins. As she had no children, she was
the sole occupant of her house, and her
nearest neighbor was a young woman
named Haven, who had lost her husband
at the battle of Briar Creek.

Mrs. Bidlack, who seldom exchanged
visits with the young widow, was not
aware of Tryon's second invasion until he
began to approach Norwalk. The terror
of the inhabitants, many of whom were
abandoning their homes, acquainted her
with the disastrous state of affairs, and
her eyes flashed fire when she exclaimed
to the fugitives:

"You may go, if you wish; but two
hundred such rascals as Governor Tryon
cannot frighten Barbara Bidlack one inch
from her home! If the red-coated scound-
rel enters my house he'll meet with a
reception he'll never forget!"

More than once she was urged to fly,
but disinclined with a proud and defiant
curl of the lip, and awaited with eager-
ness the arrival of the invaders.
She was soon treated to the sight of
Norwalk in flames, and saw the torch ap-
plied to her neighbors' houses. But the
spectacle moved her not; she did not
even barricade her door, nor suspend for
a moment the performance of her house-
hold duties. But all the time there was
an indignant gleam in her eyes, and
more than once she glanced at the old
musket which occupied one corner of her
kitchen.

It was near the hour of noon one sul-
try day in July when Barbara Bidlack,
about to discuss the frugal meal she had
prepared, was startled by a heavy foot-
step.

Lifting her eyes from the steaming
meat that graced the little table, she be-
held a British officer standing in the
door. His aspect did not trouble her in
the least, though she knew from his uni-
form that he was a soldier of lofty rank.

"Another plate, Mrs. Hercules!" he
commanded, in a haughty tone, striding
forward, and, at the same time, putting
his hand on the hilt of his sword, as if
to frighten her.

She smiled derisively as she rose to
her feet.

"Who are you, sir?"
"I am a man devilishly well known
hereabouts, and I dare say that the re-
bels will not soon forget me! My name is
Tryon."

"Governor Tryon, the British rascal—
the man who burns houses over widow's
heads, and robs the babe of its cradle!
If you are Governor Tryon I know you
for the meanest villain that ever trod
New England soil."

Tryon's face grew crimson, but smother-
ing his rage, he burst into a cruel laugh.
"You are just the vixen I heard you
were!" he exclaimed. "They call you

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME V.

MEXICO, N. Y. THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1876.

NUMBER 17.

Mrs. Hercules throughout this region,
and I must say you resemble the stable-
cleansing god in build. Where is your
husband?"

"Under the flag that wouldn't owd you
as a defender!" was the reply.

"He's a rebel, then!" said Tryon with
a sneer.

"Like his wife! He's a soldier, too,
and not a house-burner."

"Mrs. Hercules, I discover that my
clemency is not recognized by the people
of this State, and that my king's heart
is supposed to contain no good. Why,
my dear woman, the existence of a single
house on the coast is a monument of
King George's mercy and mine! But we
will discuss this subject at the table. I
have ridden several miles to enjoy a *tete-
a-tete* with a woman of whom I have
heard much, and, besides, I am hungry.
That meat looks palatable."

"It wasn't cooked for a British gen-
eral!" exclaimed the fearless woman with
flashing eyes, and the next minute she re-
moved the meat and thrust it into her
rude cupboard, to the consternation of
the governor.

"Come, come," he said, "I don't want
to sit down to a cold dinner."

"Then go somewhere else and get your
dinner! There are sneaking Tories about
Norwalk who would rejoice to tickle your
tongue with the best they have in the
house."

The Briton's anger rose again.

"I command that meat to be replaced
upon the table!" he said, drawing his
sword. "Your accursed insolence is not
becoming one of your sex; and I will
bear it no longer! I can assure you now
that to-morrow's sun will shine upon a
heap of ashes instead of this hot-bed of
rebellion. Now hustle about and get the
last dinner you will ever set before a guest
beneath this roof."

"You prefer a warm dinner?" Mrs.
Bidlack, replied, in a tone half-interroga-
tive.

"A warm dinner, of course!" answered
Tryon. "A British general does not sit
down to cold meat and potatoes."

The strong-minded woman did not re-
ply; but stepped toward the fireplace on
whose smoke-begrimed crane hung a
large iron kettle. A volume of steam
that rose from the water in the kettle
showed that it was boiling, and the Brit-
ish officer did not divine her intention—
not even when he saw her seize a gourd
dipper from the wall and thrust it into
the hot caldron.

"You shall be treated to a warm din-
ner in one minute if you don't leave my
house!" cried Barbara, wheeling sudden-
ly upon the renegade governor. "If you
do not instantly make your odious self
scarce, I'll scald you!"

Tryon's cheeks grew pale when he saw
the steam that rose from the dipper
which the patriot woman had suddenly
jerked from the kettle. He saw by her
flashing eyes that she would carry her
threat into execution, and involuntarily
moved toward the door.

"Get along!" she cried, advancing with
her novel weapon. "I wonder what John
would say if he knew that the infamous
Tryon had entered our house. 'Twill
take a week's scrubbing to erase your
footprints from the floor!"

"No need of scrubbing, madam!" hissed
Tryon, angrily, "I'm going to burn
them out!"

"Then you will save me work," retort-
ed Barbara; "but move along! my wa-
ter is getting cold, and might not hurt
your brazen cheeks."

The officer retorted with a furious
oath, and for a moment turned his back
upon the amazon.

His action changed the scene, for Bar-
bara suddenly dropped the gourd and its
steaming contents and seized him by the
collar!

"I'll hasten your retreat, you misera-
ble dog!" she exclaimed. "For a shil-
ling I'd shake your bones into a heap,"
and she almost lifted him from the floor,
as if to give him an example of her cele-
brated strength.

Tryon, who at times enjoyed a joke
could not appreciate the ludicrousness of
his situation. He was mad with passion,
and it was well for his enemy that her
hold was secure. She bore him toward
the door, and all at once bent him whirl-
ing from the threshold into the yard
where he had left his horse.

"There! it is the best reception I can
give a British general!" she shouted,
when Tryon had checked his course,
"Now go back to your house-burners, and
send them here as quickly as possible.
I've got a musket in the house, and a
godly supply of ball. And mind you,
red-coat Tryon, keep your distance!"

Standing near the steed which had
witnessed his master's inglorious exit
from Barbara's domicile, the governor
listened to the last threat. I dare say
that never before had he been so angry.
He bit his whitened lips till they bled,
and the hand which he had lifted touch-
ed the butt of the pistol in the holster.

"I'm coming back!" he said, "and in
the fire that consumes your house my
men shall cook their suppers."

"But they will not enjoy them as you
have enjoyed your dinner!" said Barbara,
sarcastically.

The governor did not reply, but
sprung into the saddle and gathered up
the reins.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Hercules!" he said,
with mock gallantry.

"Come again when you are hungry!"
she shouted after him, as he put spurs
to his horse, and galloped away toward
Norwalk.

He disappeared in a minute, and Bar-
bara Bidlack re-entered her house with a
smile of triumph on her face.

"I allow that he will not soon forget
me!" she said to herself, and then quiet-
ly resumed a discussion of the repast
which the haughty Briton had inter-
rupted.

After dinner she gathered up a few ar-
ticles which she called valuable, and de-
stroyed others which she thought might
be called prizes by the plundering sol-
dier. Having done this she left the
house to the mercy of the foe, and sat-
isfied with her victory over Tryon, sought
safety in flight. A longer stay beneath
her roof would be the height of folly,
for she knew that Tryon would carry his
rage to attempts on her life.

About sundown a company of the
governor's troops swooped down upon
the house like so many destroying
eagles, and having ransacked it from cel-
lar to garret, applied the invader's torch.
Tryon was not among the destroyers;
he feared the giants who had given him
such a warm reception, and her last
threat admonished him to keep his per-
son aloof.

Mrs. Bidlack lived to help her hus-
band build a new house over the ruins of
the old one, and to recount to amused
listeners, long after the war, her story
of Governor Tryon's reception.

A Legend of the Evil One.

One part of the Castle at Nurem-
berg, called the Heathe Tower, was
built by the Romans 1,500 years ago,
but the main buildings date back for
about eight hundred and fifty years only.
Near the entrance of the court yard is
a well out through the solid rock to a
depth of 335 feet. They were thirty
years in building it. The maid who
showed us the well let down some light-
ed candles in a tin reflector, until they
looked to be miles below us; and by
these we saw the entrances to the secret
passages which led to several parts of the
city.

Entering the small court yard we saw
in the centre of it the lime-tree planted
800 years ago by Cunigunde, at the time
of the departure of her lord, Henry I.,
on the crusade.

She said, "If this tree flourishes, my
lord will return to me in health and
safety; but if it dies, I will cease to
hope for him."

It is needless to add that he return-
ed, to the great joy of his beautiful
queen. On the foundation of the old
heathe tower is built the first Christian
chapel, over this arch, before the altar,
is painted the fat face of a jovial monk
with his tongue run out of the side of
his mouth; upon asking Valet why
that was there, he pointed to one of the
four stone columns of the room, in which
there was a visible crack, and gave us
the following legend:

While the castle was being built, the
archbishop declared that upon the return
of the emperor from his campaign the
chapel of the castle must be consecrated.
The monk who had charge of this work
made known this decree to the architect,
who said it was impossible to finish the
building at that time, because there was
wanting four large columns which he
had to bring from a distance. The
monk that night lay upon his couch in
sore distress, thinking of all the souls
that would go to perdition because of
there being no chapel in which masses
could be said. Without raged a dread-
ful storm. At length he fell into a
troubled sleep, when suddenly he became
conscious of a Presence, and looking up,
he beheld his room filled with smoke,
which gradually took shape, and he knew
that Satan stood before him.

Seizing the crucifix he cried, "*Apago
Satan!*" but Satan, instead of departing
told him he knew in what trouble he was,
and had come to make a proposition to him.

He said he knew a temple in Rome
where there were four pillars, just such as
were needed to finish the chapel; and he
would make a wager to bring and put
them in place before the monk could say
a mass. The monk knew the devil's only
conditions, viz: the possession of his
soul if he succeeded, and thinking that
he knew nothing of Latin, and that he
could say "Amen" whenever it was ne-
cessary, he agreed. He further thought
that even angels in Heaven would not
condemn him if he cheated the devil, and
brought him to finish a Christian Chapel.
The devil said he would sit on the tur-
ret of the tower until he heard the monk's
bell ring for the beginning of the mass.
The monk assembled his acolytes, and as
the bell sounded there was a rush past
the chapel, the sound of which exceeded
the roar of the tempest.

Satan was at work, and in a few mo-
ments the first, then the second, column
was set in its place. The storm without
increased in fury and violence, and the
castle shook as if heaven and earth had
met. The acolytes fell fainting to the
floor from fright as the third column
was set and the monk but half through
the mass. The brave monk continued,
and as the fourth column appeared with
an exulting cry he shouted "Amen." A

terrible crash was heard, and the ser-
vants rushing in, found the monk upon
floor senseless, and the column broken in
two. The devil was beaten, but the
chapel was finished, although one column
still bears a crack through the centre.

Literary Notices.

SCRIBNER FOR MAY.—In the May
number of Scribner, Col. Etting, of the
Committee on the Restoration of Inde-
pendence Hall, discusses the "Por-
traiture of William Penn." The illus-
trations include the famous Penn
Treaty picture, by West; Penn in
the Armor, at the age of twenty-
two (from a rare engraving on steel);
Admiral Penn (the father of William
Penn), and the newly-discovered portrait
of William Penn, a copy of which was
recently added to the National Museum.
From the forthcoming Bryant History
of the United States an entertaining
passage is published concerning "The
True Pocahontas." The College Series
is continued in a paper on Bowdoin Col-
lege containing reminiscences of Haw-
thorne, Longfellow, and other distin-
guished men; among the pictures is a
silhouette of Longfellow, at about the
age of nineteen. A series of papers giv-
ing an account of recent American and
Foreign experiments in "Co-operation"
is begun in this number; these articles
will be written by Mr. Charles Barnard,
author of the paper on "One Hundred
Thousand Homes." Among the other
papers are Brete Hart's and Edward
Everett Hale's serials; a sketch of John
Guttenberg, by Theodor L. De Vinne;
"The DeFoo Family in America;" a Ca-
nadian Story, by Miss Howells; "The
Wedding at Ogden Farm," by Col.
Waring; "Double Crimes and One-sided
Laws," by Dr. Holland; and "The Old
Cabinet" papers. "Brice-Brace" contains
something about "Col. Randolph Snaugh-
ter, of Virginia." "Uncle Jim's Baptist
Revival Hymn;" "Fashions for Spring;"
"The Beautiful Ballad of Waska Wee,"
etc.

St. NICHOLAS—begins in the May
number, a new serial story, "The Cat and
the Countess," translated from the French
by T. B. Aldrich, and illustrated, in sil-
houette, by L. Hopkins. The first in-
stalment makes us at once acquainted
with the principal characters, is full of
striking incidents, and contains no less
than thirty-six admirable drawings in
silhouette.

Besides this special and stirring fea-
ture, the number presents the usual full-
ness and variety of stories, sketches, and
poems. Mrs. Oliphant contributes the
second of her "Windsor Castle" articles,
a paper devoted to the history of the un-
fortunate James I., of Scotland. The
series of "Talks with Girls," is repre-
sented by some practical hints "On Travel-
ing in Europe," by Susan Coolidge; and
a play entitled, "May-Day In-doors," is
furnished by Abby Morton Diaz.
"Clough's Top-Knot" is a very natural and
amusing story of home-life, and "The
Dotterel's Luck" portrays an exciting
incident in the lives of some California
gold-hunters. As for poetry, the num-
ber opens with "The Palace of Gondo-
fers," by H. H., and gives us, among
other poems, a beautiful bit of verse, by
Mrs. Dodge, entitled, "Snowflakes," while
the "King of the Hobbly-Goblins," with
its striking illustration, is one of
funniest rhymes that has lately appear-
ed.

Many other attractions are crowded
into the number, and the departments
at the close are as bright and interesting
as ever.

Dr. Smith's Patient.

A paper on "Bowdoin College" in
gorbner for May contains the following
anecdote of Dr. Nathan Smith:

Dr. Smith's name is especially emi-
nent in the profession, and gave to the
School a prominence which it has never
lost. An incident shows of what stuff
Dr. Smith was made. When he began
his career as a Medical Professor (at
Dartmouth), certain individuals planned
a practical joke which it was expected
would entirely demoralize the young in-
structor. A messenger summoned him
to set a broken limb, but on reaching the
house the Doctor found that the patient
was a goose, whose leg had been broken
by some sharp-shooting gamin. The
"friends" of the "patient" looked to see
the Doctor beat a hasty retreat; but he
gravely examined the fracture, opened
his case, set and bound the limb, prom-
ised to call the next day, and bade them
good evening. The Doctor duly appear-
ed in the morning and for several suc-
ceeding days, till he pronounced the "pa-
tient" in a fair way of recovery. At his
last visit, Dr. Smith produced a bill of
considerable dimensions, and the "fam-
ily" found that their little joke had cost
them dearly. The level-headed Profes-
sor escaped further intrusions.

There are over 16,000 soldiers
buried in the National Cemetery at
Vicksburg. The spot has been rendered
very beautiful and is visited daily by
large numbers of people.

Trowsers obtained on credit are
breaches of trust.

Marrying an Editor.

Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an edi-
tor's wife. I well remember the day
when Mr. Snow asked me to become his
wife. I confess I liked Mr. Snow, and,
thinking it would be a fine thing to be
the wife of an editor, I said "Yes," as
pretty as I knew how, and I became
Mrs. Snow. I have seen ten years of
married life, and find my husband to be
an amiable, good-natured man. He al-
ways spends his evenings at home, and
is in that respect a model man; but he
always brings a pile of exchanges, which
is only limited by the length of his arms,
and reads, while I patch the knees and
elbows of his pantaloons and coat. Af-
ter we have had a Quaker meeting of an
hour's length I break the stillness by ask-
ing:

"Mr. Snow did you order that coal I
spoke to you about?"

"What did you say, my dear?" he
asks, after a few minutes silence.

"Did you order that coal I spoke to
you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry, but I
forgot all about it. It shall come to-
morrow."

Another hour's silence, which is re-
lieved by the baby's crying; and, rather
liking a noise of that sort, I make no ef-
fort to quiet him.

"My dear," says Mr. Snow, after he
has cried a minute or so, "you had bet-
ter give the baby some catnip tea to quiet
him; he troubles me."

The baby is still. Another hour pass-
es, without a breath of noise. Becom-
ing tired, I take a lamp and retire for
the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engaged
with his papers that he does not see me
leave the room. Toward midnight he
comes to bed, and just as he has fallen
to sleep the baby takes a notion to cry
again. I rise as quietly as possible, and
try to still him. While I am walking
the room with a small Snow in my arms,
our next—a boy of three years begins to
scream at the top of his lungs. There is
no other course but call Mr. Snow; so
I say:

"Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

"The third time he starts up, and cries,

"What! Tom! more copy?"

As though I was Tom, that little imp
running about the office. I replied tartly:

"No, I don't want any more copy—I
have had enough of that to last me my
life-time! I want you to see what Tom-
my is crying about."

Mr. Snow makes a desperate attempt
to arouse himself; as Tommy stops to
take a breath he falls to sleep again,
leaving me to pace the room in as much
vexation as I can comfortably contain.
The next morning at breakfast, when I
give Mr. Snow an account of his last
night's troubles, he says:

"Indeed, my dear, I am very sorry the
children trouble you."

This is always the way. If I com-
plain, it is, "Indeed, I am very sorry."

But should the very same thing occur
the subsequent night, directly before his
eyes, very likely he would not see or
know anything about it, unless it hap-
pened to interrupt his train of ideas.—
Then he would propose catnip tea, but
before I can get it into the infants stom-
ach he will be far away into the realms of
thought, leaving me not a little vexed at
his stupidity.

He knows the name of every paper
published in England or the United
States, but he cannot, for the life of him,
tell the names of his children. He
knows precisely the year of every Amer-
ican journal, but he does not know the
age of his own baby. He knows how
every contributor looks, but I do not be-
lieve he can tell whether my eyes are
black or blue.

They say Mr. Snow is getting rich.
All I know is, he gives me money to
clothe our boys, and that, too, without a
complaint of poverty. I hope the world
is right in opinion, and when I am satis-
fied it is I shall advise him to resign his
editorial honors and spend a few months
in becoming acquainted with his wife and
children. The little ones will feel flatter-
ed in making the acquaintance of so
literary a man.

The other evening, a young lady
abruptly turned the corner and very
rudely against a boy who was small
and ragged and freckled. Stopping as
soon as she could, she turned to him and
said: "I beg your pardon. Indeed, I
am very sorry." The small, ragged and
freckled boy looked up in blank amaz-
ement for an instant; then, taking off
about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed
very low, smiled until his face became
lost in the smile, and answered, "You
can have my pardoning, and welcome, miss;
and yer may run agin me and knock me
clean down, 'an I won't say a word." After
the young lady passed on, he turned
to a comrade and said, half apologeti-
cally, "I never had any one ask my
pardoning, and it kind o' took me off my
feet."—*Indianapolis Herald.*

"No man was better inoculated
to prejudice pork than my husband was,"
says Mrs. Partington. "He knew what
good hogs were, he did, he had been
brought up with 'em from his child-
hood."

Gender in Morals.

The following quotation from a book
entitled "Josiah Allen's Wife," illustrates
in a forcible as well as a somewhat hu-
morous way, the fact that boys should be
brought up with as much regard to moral
character as girls:

Thomas Jefferson is a good boy. His
teacher at the Jonesville Academy told
me the other day, says he:

"Thomas J. is full of fun, but I don't
believe he has a single bad habit; and
I don't believe he knows any more about
bad things than Tirzah Ann, and she is
a girl of a thousand."

This made my heart beat with pure
and fervent emotions of joy, for I knew
it was true, but I tell you I have had
to work for it. I was determined from
the first that Thomas Jefferson needn't think
because he was a boy he could do any-
thing that would be considered disgrace-
ful if he was a girl. Now some mothers
will worry themselves to death about
their girls, so afraid they will get into
bad company and bring disgrace onto
'em. I have said to 'em sometimes,

"Why don't you worry about your
boys?"

"Oh, things are winked at in a man
that haint in a woman."

Says I, "There is one woman that
no man can get to wink at, and that is
Samantha Allen, whose maiden name
was Smith." Says I, "It is enough to
make anybody's blood bile in their veins
to think how different sin is looked upon
in a man and woman. I say sin is sin,
and you can't make goodness out of it by
parsin' it in the feminine or neuter."

And wimmen are the most to blame in
this respect. I believe in giving the
D— I won't speak the gentlemen's
name right out, but you know who I
mean, and I believe in givin' him his
due, if you owe him anything, and I say
men haint half so bad as wimmen about
holdin' up male sinners and stompin'
down female ones.

Wimmen are meaner than pusly about
some things, and this is one of 'em. Now
wimmen will go out and kill the fatted
calf with their own hands to feast the
male prodigal that has been livin' on
husks. But let the woman that he has
been boardin' with on the same bundle
of husks, ask sneekily for a little mite of
this veal critter, will she get it! No! She
won't get so much as one of the huffs.
She will be told to keep on eatin' her
husks, and after she has got through
with 'em to die, for after a woman has
once eat husks, she cant never eat any
other vittles. And if she asks meekly,
why is her stomach so different from the
male husk eater, he went right off from
husks to fatted calves, they'll say to her
"what is sin in a woman haint sin in a
man. Men are such noble creatures that
they will be a little wild, it is expected
of 'em, but after they have sowed all
their wild oats, they always settle down
and make the very best of men."

"Cant I settle down too?" cries the
poor woman. "I am sick of wild oats
too; I am sick of husks—I want to live
a good life, in the sight of God and man
—cant I settle down too?"

"Yes, you can settle down in the
grave," they say to her—"When a woman
has sinned once, that is all the place there
is for her—a woman cannot be forgiven."
There is an old sayin', "Go and sin no
more." But that is eighteen hundred
years old—awful old-fashioned."

And then after they have feasted the
male husk eater, on this gospel veal, and
fell n his neck and embraced him a few
times, they will take him into their
houses and marry him to their purest
and sweetest daughter, while at the same
time they won't have the female husk eat-
er in their kitchen to wash for them at 4
cents an article.

I say it is a shame and a disgrace for
a woman to bear all the burden of suffer-
in' and all the burden of shame too; it is
a mean, cowardly piece of business, and
I should think the very stuns would go
to yellin' at each other to see such injus-
tice.

But Josiah Allen's children haint
brought up in any such kind of a
way. They have been brought up to
think that sin of any kind is just as bad
in a man as in a woman. And any place
of amusement that was bad for a woman
to go to, was bad for a man.

Now when Thomas Jefferson was a
little feller he was bewitched to go to
circuses, and Josiah said,

"Better let him go, Samantha; it
haint no place for wimmin or girls, but
it wont hurt a boy."

Says I, "Josiah Allen, the Lord made
Thomas Jefferson with just as pure a
heart as Tirzah Ann, and no bigger eyes
and ears, and if Thomas J. goes to the
circus, Tirzah Ann goes too."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.
HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:
One copy, one year, \$1.50
Clubs of ten, 12.50
If not paid within six months, \$2.00
These prices are invariable. Remit by post office money order, or by registered letter.
No terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.
All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions and Editorial Correspondence may be sent at the option of the writer, either to H. C. Rider, Editor, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., or to F. L. Seliney, Associate Editor, Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the Foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Henry Winter Sytle, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 27, 1876.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

The Halifax, N. S., Institution.

We have received a copy of the eighteenth annual report of the above-named Institution for 1875, of which Mr. J. Scott Hutton, M. A., is principal. The Directors of the Institution report that all is going on well within its walls at the close of the eighteenth year of its existence, for which they thank a kind Providence. With scarcely an exception, the health of the inmates has been good. The comforts and advantages of the last year's improvements in the establishment have been fully realized, and it is hoped now that large numbers will be attracted from all the Maritime Provinces to enjoy its privileges, so cheaply offered. The directors also acknowledge an additional grant of \$200, in 1875, from the New Brunswick Government, and express their pleasure at a recent visit of three members of that body to the Institution.

Another director has died—Charles Murdock, Esq., whose brother's noble donation of \$20,000 to the Institution may be said to have placed it on a solid basis. The Secretary—Rev. J. C. Cochran, D. D., is the only one left of the original directors.

The free passage of deaf-mutes over the railways, which was for a while withdrawn, has, the directors are pleased to say, been restored, for which they feel very thankful.

The worthy and long-tried Principal and his assistants, and also the matrons, are discharging their duties faithfully.

The Principal reports that the year just closed has been one of quiet usefulness, and that the health of the pupils has been excellent, no case of serious sickness having occurred during the year.

The total number of deaf-mutes benefited by the Institution during the year was 62—43 males and 19 females.

As the result of personal inquiry, the Principal has on his list the names of twenty or twenty-five deaf-mutes in the Province of Nova Scotia alone, who ought to be in school, and he thinks there are others. It is a lamentable fact that so many are allowed to grow up to manhood and womanhood without instruction, and he again urges, as he has often done before, ministers of religion, medical men, school teachers and trustees, and all interested in the unfortunate, to use their influence in procuring the attendance of all deaf-mutes at school.

The educational work of the Institution during the year has been carried on with a fair measure of success. The Institution has now a library and reading-room which is open to the pupils and to all deaf-mute residents of the city. The reading-room is supplied with five dailies, six weeklies, six religious papers and ten illustrated periodicals. As yet the library is comparatively small, and the Institution would thankfully receive donations of books of a simple and instructive kind, especially illustrated works—history and biography, travels and adventures, tales, illustrations of animals and plants, their habits, uses, &c.

The pupils, accompanied by one of the teachers, attend public worship in Trinity Church on Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon there is Sabbath School at the Institution. Besides this the Principal holds morning services at the Institution during the usual hours of public worship for the deaf-mutes of the city of Dartmouth at which there is an attendance of from ten to fourteen. On Sunday evening a number of these deaf-mutes meet in the library for religious exercises and Bible study. These efforts for the spiritual welfare of pupils are not without fruit; a considerable proportion of the former pupils of the Institution are consistent professors of religion, and some of the present pupils are evincing much interest in the cause of Christianity.

The pupils as far as possible are trained to useful and industrious habits. The girls do a large part of the house work and keep their own and the boys' clothing in repair. Only two paid domestics and one little errand girl are employed. Each boy, when out of school, has some work assigned to him, and every one is held responsible for the proper performance of the duties allotted to him. Several boys, under the superintendence of Mr. Jas. W. Doley, a teacher in the Institution, have acquired some knowledge of the art of printing, and also the manufacture of shipping tags. Nearly 5,000 of these tags have been made and sold during the year.

During the vacation a number of the boys showed their gratitude by collecting money for the building fund in their respective neighborhoods.

The sums thus collected ranged from \$4.00 to \$34.00; the whole amount collected by them was \$193.31. The exhibit of the Treasurer shows a healthy condition of the finances.

The facts gathered from the several reports show that steady progress among the pupils is rewarding the Principal and his assistants for their persistent and unflinching efforts in behalf of the deaf and dumb. The report contains many matters of interest, but we have only space to publish some of its leading points. It is, however, proper to state that the Province of Nova Scotia is alive to the duties she owes to her unfortunate, and if some of the deaf-mutes of that Province insist upon groping their way through the world in ignorance, it is not the fault of the Government. The Institution doors are thrown open, deaf-mutes are invited, and urged, and may, if they choose, enter her walls, and receive instruction which will make them happy and useful citizens.

The Centennial Convention.

We learn with deep regret that the appropriation bill of the Pennsylvania Legislature, at least that part which appropriates money for the maintenance of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, has not yet been reached. The natural consequence is, the Institution treasury is not burdened with funds, and it is possibly owing to this state of affairs that the petition for the use of the buildings for deaf-mute centennial uses, is delayed. We trust, however, that the time is near when everything will be satisfactorily arranged.

The deaf-mutes intending to go to Philadelphia should not, however, neglect to study the price list of the accommodations Mr. Carlin offers to provide.

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Institution.

There seems to be but little hopes of a New Jersey Deaf and Dumb Institution for the present. The bill passed by the Legislature appropriating \$350,000 for the benefit of the deaf and dumb, the blind and the feeble-minded, which was vetoed by Gov. Bedle, has been brought up lately, and failed to pass over the Governor's veto. It is to be greatly regretted that Gov. Bedle deemed it advisable to withhold his signature to a bill of so much importance, but we still have the utmost confidence in believing that at no remote period some similar bill will be passed and become a law, providing for the erection of an Institution for the education of New Jersey's deaf-mutes. Little, wealthy, enterprising and intelligent Jersey will not much longer fold her hands, content to be so much behind so many of her sister States in this respect.

The School Amendment.

The following is the form in which the Democratic minority of the Legislature have agreed to adopt the Constitutional amendment on the school question. It has been drawn up by the Committee appointed for the purpose:

SEC. 2. The State shall maintain a system of common schools, which shall be free forever. The Legislature shall provide for the instruction in the branches of elementary education for the period of at least twenty-eight weeks in each year of all persons in the State between the ages of five and twenty-one years, by annually raising therefor, by tax upon the property in the respective counties, a sum of not less than three million dollars.

SEC. 3. Neither the money nor the credit of the State, nor of any county, town, municipal corporation, or school district, shall be given or loaned to or be otherwise applied to the support of or in aid of any school or schools in which any sectarian instruction is given, or to any school or schools not wholly under the control and management of the public school authorities of the State, or of the county, town, municipal corporation, or school district in which they are located. This section shall not, however, prevent the Legislature from making provision for the education and support of the blind, the deaf and dumb, and juvenile delinquents as it may deem proper; nor shall it apply to any fund or property now held or which may hereafter be held by the State for educational purposes.

This form of the amendment makes it a nullity as far as the deaf and dumb of the State are concerned. It leaves their interests exactly as they exist now. Whether the form, as introduced in a powerful speech by the Republican member, omitted the last sentence purposely and advantageously, is not wholly clear. Still, when we remember the great care bestowed in its preparation, we can hardly escape the conclusion that nothing was omitted unknowingly. If it is made a party question, the majority will win. There may be some compromise. We shall watch and wait.

Louisiana as It Is.

Through the courtesy of Robert T. Lawrence, a graduate of the New York Institution and now of Brashear City, La., we have received a copy of a valuable book, entitled, "Louisiana as it is." The book contains a large map of the State, showing its dimensions by counties, or Parishes as they are there called, abounds in a great diversity of valuable statistics of the amount of crops in different Parishes, the expense of raising sugar, corn and other crops, and is a valuable work, especially for any one who may think of emigrating south to purchase farms. The map is a very convenient reference. We shall, for the benefit of our readers, in some future edition of the JOURNAL publish some facts gathered from the statistics setting forth some of the principal inducements for farmers to settle in Louisiana.

Skillful Work by Deaf-Mutes.

We have lately received from Mr. Jas. W. Doley, of Halifax (N. S.) Deaf-Mute Institution, several very fine specimens of printing executed by pupils of the institution, who are learning the printer's trade, while they are also securing intellectual education. The samples sent us consist of several varieties of shipping tags with price lists of the same printed on their reverse sides, also a number of sheets of printing which was done by the pupils, and in addition to these some sample cards of admission to various entertainments which have been given in the city, the printing of which was done by the pupils learning the trade. The samples of job work executed by the pupils learning the trade are all beautifully finished specimens of work and reflect much honor upon the institution. We understand that the printing establishment turns off a large amount of job work, and we can safely say that parties having job printing to be done at the institution will find the work tastefully and satisfactorily accomplished.

The Boston Deaf-Mute Library Association Broken Up.

Through the letter from a friend, we see that the above-named society has summarily ceased to exist as an organization. E. N. Bowes, a former president of the association who was some time ago expelled for malfeasance in office, is said to be the lever by which it was overthrown. It appears that since his expulsion from the membership, he has cherished toward the society feelings of bitter hatred and made threats of revenge. A few days since, claiming a large amount of money due him from the Association, he caused an attachment to be served upon everything belonging to the library, and the trustees of the Society having become heartily disgusted with the disgraceful conduct of some of its members, and by reason of non-payment of rent, have closed the doors. The Association is therefore virtually, and to all intents and purposes, numbered among the things of the past. We are very sorry to hear of the sad fate which has befallen the society. In the wrangles of the Society between its members, we do not feel interested; we are only too sorry to record the fact that it has proved a failure. Deaf-mute friends of Boston, try it again; avoid your former failings, and cultivate your virtues.

Later News from New Jersey.

We learn before going to press that the New Jersey Legislature, before adjourning *sine die*, passed the three appropriation bills for the deaf and dumb, the feeble-minded and the blind. Of the amount appropriated for the deaf and dumb we did not learn whether it was only for their maintenance in schools away from home or to erect an Institution. When we ascertain the provisions contained in the bill we will apprise our readers of its contents.

The Itinerary.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerary*.

SERVICES in the sign language are held every Sunday afternoon during the year at St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, by Mr. HENRY W. SYLE, a deaf-mute, who is a lay reader and a Candidate for Orders, the son of Rev. E. W. SYLE, of the China Mission.—*Standard of the Cross*.

GUSTAVUS FERENKHEIM is treasurer of the Silentia Lodge, Order of Elect Surds, instead of S. M. Brown as formerly announced.

JOHN SULLIVAN and CATHERINE BOWLER, the former blind and the latter deaf, were run over by the cars while walking on the track of the Providence & Worcester Railroad, on the 14th inst., at Blackstone, Mass. Both were badly mangled. The woman died soon after the accident, and the man is not expected to recover.

CHAS. H. COOPER, of Watertown, who had promised us a visit this month, has gone to join his wife, who is visiting her relatives at New Lebanon, N. Y. We were disappointed at not receiving the visit, but his fond and proper attachment to his other half claimed his attention so imperatively that he was forced to omit calling while on his way to join her society. They will probably go from New Lebanon to the Centennial before returning home. Our best wishes go with them. May they have a pleasant time while viewing the "big elephant."

D. R. LIVINGSTONE, we learn from undoubted authority, is not at present employed in the Boston Custom House. He is not now connected in any capacity with that house. He has our sincere wishes that he may soon obtain another lucrative situation.

The Deaf-mute Association of Jackson, Mich., enters the second year of its existence with prospects of success as bright as when it was first inaugurated.

ALL of the pupils in the Minnesota Institution take drawing lessons twice a week. Many of them are said to be improving rapidly.

EMANUEL A. LOUWEINE, a graduate of the Institution for Improved Instruction of Deaf-mutes, New York, has removed with his parents to Cincinnati, Ohio, where they will make their future residence.

At the Harlem Police Court yesterday, JOHN M. MURPHY, a gardener at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, at Carmanville, was arraigned for cruelly beating JOHN LUTZ, an inmate of that Institution. Lutz, a boy, provoked Murphy by trampling on his flower beds. Murphy was held for examination.—*N. Y. Tribune*, April 10th.

We regret to announce that Mr. W. L. M. BREG is confined to his bed by serious illness. His disease, we understand, is bilious fever. Miss Ellen Buchanan has charge of Mr. Breg's class during his absence.—*Mirror*.

GEORGE A. NEWHALL, of Melrose, Mass., writing to us on business, adds the testimonial of his good opinion of the JOURNAL as follows: "The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is always a welcome and regular visitor to me, and is undoubtedly the best paper for the deaf and dumb. Long live the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL."

JOHN ANSBROW, a deaf-mute of Flint, Mich., has a shoe shop, and is doing business for himself. Notwithstanding the hard times, he is doing very well.

Mr. and Mrs. HORACE G. MOODY, both deaf-mutes, educated at the American Asylum, Hartford, Conn., are living on a farm of thirty-six acres, near the village of Lebanon Centre, Me. They have three bright and healthy children, all of whom are speaking boys.

WINFIELD S. PRY, of Great Falls, N. H., who attended school for ten years at the American Asylum, and is between 20 and 25 years of age, last winter became insane, and went home to be cared for by his mother. He, however, grew worse, and was sent to the State Lunatic Asylum at Concord, N. H. His father died some years ago of consumption, and he has entertained great fears that he would also die of the same disease. It appears that he has been unwell for some time, and as his medicine seemed to do him no good, it is highly probable that he grew melancholy, and from that cause his insanity arose.

AMOS SMITH, a deaf-mute of New Boston, N. H., has sold his young stallion for \$200. He is half Black Hawk and half Messenger stock, both of which are noted for nerve, muscle and activity. Amos has quite an admiration for good stock. He has a large, pompous turkey gobbler, which struts about the barn yard with quite an air of authority, endeavoring to clear the grounds of all other occupants, whether human, biped or quadruped. He usually maintains his supremacy, and with Robinson Crusoe, can truly say, "I am monarch of all I survey."

Confirmation of Deaf-Mutes.

The following article relating to the confirmation of deaf-mutes by Bishop Bedell and his address to the confirmed in Grace Church, Cleveland, O., on Palm Sunday evening, under the direct charge of Mr. A. W. Mann, we copy from the *Standard of the Cross*. It came too late for last week's issue at the time that we published the article:

The Bishop's official visit to this church on Palm Sunday evening was altogether unique in its character. About one-half of the candidates for confirmation were the sons and daughters of Silence—deaf-mutes—who had been prepared for the solemn rite by Mr. A. W. Mann, himself a deaf-mute, under the direction of the Rector, Rev. Dr. Washburn. It was an emergency not contemplated by the Prayer Book, which provides for almost every conceivable need of our fallen humanity. There could be no answering "audibly," in this case, as required in the rubric. The hearing candidates were arranged at one side of the chancel, and the deaf-mutes at the other. The Bishop first addressed and confirmed the whole class in the usual way; then dismissing to their pews the former, who continued standing, he proceeded to address the latter through the interpreter, Mr. Mann, who was furnished with a copy of the address, and rendered it in the sign language as rapidly as the words were uttered by the Bishop. The whole scene was affecting in the extreme. The earnest, intelligent countenances of the class fastened intently upon every motion of their teacher and guide; his most expressive gestures, which it scarcely required the Bishop's words for the rest of the congregation to understand; every feature of the Bishop's countenance all aglow with the excitement and novelty of the occasion; his most appropriate words of counsel—no one who was present will ever forget these features of the Palm Sunday visitation at Grace Church. At the conclusion of the address, which was necessarily prepared beforehand, the Bishop presented a copy of it to each of the newly confirmed deaf-mutes.

Death of Mrs. Orville Robinson.

Mrs. Lucretia Robinson, wife of Orville Robinson, Esq., whose death we announced to-day, was born in Schoharie county in 1802 and removed in early life to Oswego county, where she married Mr. Robinson. Shortly after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Robinson came to Mexico, in this county where they resided until 1848. In that year they removed to this city and have lived here ever since. During her long residence in this city and county Mrs. Robinson had won the friendship and esteem of all who were brought into social relations with her and her death will be learned with sincere regret by a large circle of friends. The deceased had been an invalid for several years and had frequently, of late, expressed a desire that the end might come which would relieve her of her sufferings. Nevertheless, the bereavement is a severe one for the members of the family who were devotedly attached to the deceased. They have the warm sympathy of the entire community.—*Oneida Times*, Saturday.

John Preston.

The Hon. John Preston, writes "Julian" from the capital, represents the 33rd District of Oswego county on the floor of the House. As a Legislator he belongs to that class that does not believe in crowding the statute book with useless laws, consequently he is earnest in his attention in dividing the good from the bad. It would not make much difference whether men were Republicans or Democrats, if they all carried as honest hearts as Mr. Preston, which is so pleasingly reflected in his countenance. He is republican in politics, but on matters of general interest he is a people's man in the fullest sense. His confiding manners and pleasing disposition has won the respect and esteem of his brother members in a large degree, and properly appreciated at home, will be kept in the harness.

—We are happy to state that the young lady of this village, who, on Easter Sunday, ate a dozen eggs, is beginning to recover from her sickness.

Base Ball Notes.

DEAR EDITOR:—The first nine of the Young Mutual Base Ball Club, of the New York Deaf and Dumb Institution, and the first nine of the Alert Base Ball Club, of the French Institution, Fort Washington, played a match game of base ball on Saturday, April 8th, 1876, which resulted in a victory for the Mutuals. This game was the first of the season played by either of the clubs, and the result greatly encourages the Mutuals to hope for further success. Messrs. Magill, Donnelly, Milbier and Dobbs played their parts very creditably on the side of the Mutes, while Messrs. W. Glean and McDonald did well for the Alerts. Appended is the score by innings:

1st NINE YOUNG MUTUALS.	1st NINE ALERTS.
W. B. Magill, 4	6 Hopkings, 1
N. Emmons, 3	6 Socavres, 2
J. F. Donnelly, 4	3 Prevost, 2
C. Shattuck, 2	4 W. Glean, 5
H. Stengels, 6	4 L. Lotans, 2
A. Milbier, 2	8 Combe, 4
J. Hogan, 0	8 P. Lotans, 4
H. Dobbs, 4	5 L. Glean, 3
C. Lawton, 2	7 McDonald, 2
Total, 27	51
Umpire—E. E. Prevost.	
Scorer—John C. Cottmann.	

On the same afternoon the second nine of the Young Mutuals and Alerts also played a match game. At the commencement the Mutes took the lead and maintained it to the end, all of the members playing very well. The fielding and batting of the Alerts was very poor, and at the end of the eighth inning the game closed with the following score:

2d NINE YOUNG MUTUALS.	2d NINE ALERTS.
T. Holland, 0	8 B. Brown, 0
D. McBride, 1	7 J. Wheelock, 4
W. H. Emmons, 2	5 Perkins, 3
C. Newton, 4	5 Oppenheim, 4
T. Fox, 6	2 Castoneda, 2
C. Vesterlein, 1	8 J. Doyle, 2
H. Smith, 1	7 Vanist, 1
W. Slattery, 1	5 Read, 1
D. Mahoney, 3	5 A. Doveale, 4
Total, 22	25
Umpire—Mr. Knapp.	
Scorer—A. A. Devo.	

Yours, &c.,
FESTUS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A new base ball club, called the Enterprise, has recently been organized at the New York Institution, composed of muscular and athletic men, whose ages range from fifteen to twenty years. The members of the club are composed of strong, healthy young men, and, with fair practice, will be able to send the ball to a great distance. The Club designs to devote all its leisure time to practicing, and, although it hardly expects to become as noted as the Hudsons, it hopes to be able at no remote period to successfully compete with the Young Mutuals.

The following are the names of the officers of the Enterprise:
G. D. Connor, President.
W. F. Howell, Captain.
Fred. Griffin, Treasurer.
Fred. Stryker, Secretary.
E. J. Hallicy,
W. C. Childs,
F. Herbert,
Committee.

NOTE.—After May 5th the Enterprise will be prepared to receive a challenge from any club of the Institution.

Oswego County Farmers' Insurance Company Wound Up.

The Oswego County Farmers' Insurance Company, by resolution of its Board of Directors, at a meeting held on the 18th inst., decided to issue no more Policies of Insurance, but to immediately wind up its business. The stockholders had fully come to the conclusion that with the present competition in the field seeking the same class of business, and with the present hard times to collect the premiums, that the business could not be made remunerative. The Company is entirely responsible for all its outstanding risks and liabilities, and its business will be honorably closed up. The alarming increase of incendiary fires during the last two years has compelled an increase of rates on detached property, and unless the incendiary is more closely watched, followed up and punished as his crimes deserve, the owners of property will be burdened with still higher rates of insurance, or compelled to take their own risk of the destruction of their property by fire. When the Oswego County Farmers' Insurance Company was organized, it was confidently believed that the business contemplated was comparatively safe, and it could be made profitable; but it has proved otherwise, and the stockholders as they were realizing nothing for the use of their capital invested, deemed it most prudent to discontinue an unprofitable and an unpromising business.—*Sandy Creek News*.

John Preston.

The Hon. John Preston, writes "Julian" from the capital, represents the 33rd District of Oswego county on the floor of the House. As a Legislator he belongs to that class that does not believe in crowding the statute book with useless laws, consequently he is earnest in his attention in dividing the good from the bad. It would not make much difference whether men were Republicans or Democrats, if they all carried as honest hearts as Mr. Preston, which is so pleasingly reflected in his countenance. He is republican in politics, but on matters of general interest he is a people's man in the fullest sense. His confiding manners and pleasing disposition has won the respect and esteem of his brother members in a large degree, and properly appreciated at home, will be kept in the harness.

—We are happy to state that the young lady of this village, who, on Easter Sunday, ate a dozen eggs, is beginning to recover from her sickness.

CENTENNIAL LETTER.

How Doth the Little Busy Bee.—Some Danger of an Unfavorable Opening.—Will the Railroads Compel People to Stay at Home—Questions that Puzzle the Managers and Things they are doing.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 24, 1876.

Probably the busiest place to be found anywhere at this time is in and about the Centennial Grounds. A village of bee hives, on a very large scale, too large almost for comparison's sake, is the idea conveyed by a general view of these acres of buildings, and the thousands of workmen engaged upon and around them. The main buildings are pretty much completed, lacking for the most part only those finishing touches which must wait the tardy motions of exhibitors. There are, however, innumerable smaller structures in all stages of advancement, some of which have scarcely risen above their foundations. Some of the States in fact have just begun their separate preparations. These main buildings have been written about so much already that your readers are undoubtedly as well acquainted with their dimensions and general character as I could make them; besides it is impossible for those who have never seen a world's fair to obtain an adequate comprehension of their immensity from a brief pen and ink sketch. A description of the various forms and types of architecture so commingled would give the impression of a discordant jumble, but the effect produced upon the mind is not unpleasant. Like those wonderful patchwork quilts our aunts and grandmothers used to make in the country—and they make them yet for all the writer knows—there is a certain harmony of effects in the whole picture in spite of the many apparently inharmonious details. An American log-cabin does not seem appropriate in the neighborhood of a Moorish palace like the Horticultural Hall, nor a Japanese dwelling in the shadow of an Elizabethan Manor-house, nor an uncouth structure of corrugated iron by the side of the perfect granite proportions of the Art Hall, nor a modern Italian villa in sight of a construction in the medieval German style; and yet one does not get the idea of incongruity in looking at these structures. Perhaps it is because there is a sense of fitness in their presence there. A world's fair is a kaleidoscope of the products of all nations, and nothing that is developed by human skill and genius is foreign or out of place. As all colors blend to produce white, so all these various architectural forms unite to make the tableau of the life of the world which it is one of the chief aims of such an exhibition to present.

Less than twenty days now remain before the time appointed for a formal opening of the exhibition, and so much still remains to be done that it is doubtful whether any impression can be attempted on the 10th of May further than the uncompleted displays in the main building of Machinery Hall. This will not be so much the fault of the Centennial authorities as of the exhibitors, who have delayed everything by their own tardiness. The foreign exhibitors are far ahead of our home department, and this is an American characteristic. Your Yankee man of business has so many irons in the fire that he cannot even arrive at the theatre or an evening entertainment until the first act is half over, so that he jostles and disturbs his better regulated neighbors. It has been a question with the authorities whether a postponement of the opening day would not be preferable to an unpropitious beginning, but so far the motion to postpone has not prevailed, though most outsiders incline to the opinion that such a course would be wisest. Another question that has bothered the gigantic intellects of the Board is the price of admission and the dead-head problem. It was held by some that if there were no free tickets the price of admission might be reduced to twenty-five cents for all. But the noble army of "dead heads" did not appear to be large enough to justify this view of the case, nor did the Board feel like cutting them off, especially the newspaper men who have done and are still doing, gratuitously, so much to advance the interests of the exhibition. It has therefore been decided to issue two classes of free admission tickets—both good during the entire term of the exhibition—one called complimentary for prominent officials only, and the other for exhibitors, employees, newspaper correspondents, &c., &c. The former will be printed on heavy bond paper in square note-sized sheets, and the others will be in the shape of a two-leaved book of card board. Each recipient of the latter must have his photograph inserted on the third page before the 1st of June, or the ticket will be void.

Philadelphians and others immediately concerned are a good deal exercised just now over the prospective attendance at the Centennial. There are ominous indications which give rise to fears that it is not going to be so large as the early estimate presaged. The hard times, like the old woman's cow, are "getting no better very fast," and then the course of the railroads has been such as to cause a very wide-spread impression that it is going to cost too much to visit the show. Had the railway managers, with Tom Scott at their head, seen fit to reduce round-trip fares forty or fifty instead of twenty-five per cent. it would have put more money in their coffers, and contributed more than any other one thing could to the success of the Exhibition, so far as the attendance is concerned. The supreme hogghishness—that's the only word that suits—of the railroads is universally condemned. Even Philadelphians, who have always sustained the Pennsylvania company, are loud in their execrations. This company, which controls so many lines East and West, can and does control the matter of rates; so the public will readily see where to charge the liberality. The tendency of these days is to gobble the lion's share; to take more for the transportation of merchandise than the original

cost thereof, is nowhere better exemplified than in Tom Scott's monopoly. It costs every Western visitor to the Centennial \$34.50 for fare from Chicago and return, from Burlington, Iowa, \$41.22, and from Louisville \$33. If a man takes two or three members of his family this expense, together with the high rates of hotel charges and other things incidental to travel, foots up a grand total almost appalling, unless he is one of that unfortunate, but now-a-days rare, class of people to whom "object is no money." A gentleman who has made this subject a study lately said that a further reduction of twenty-five per cent. in railroad fares would increase the attendance one-half, and in my opinion it will have to come. My advice to the people far away is not to be in a hurry. There is time enough to see all there will be to be seen, and a little indifference at the start may bring wholesome results.

I have just been looking through Independence Hall, the little old building in which the bird of freedom first plumed himself for a lofty flight. It has lately been restored more to its original appearance. The coats of thick paint and other coverings have been taken from the walls and stairways, and all the fine old carving brought to light. The old bell is in the entry, and on the walls are panels giving a clear and concise history of the important deeds done in Philadelphia during the revolutionary years. Mr. Eting, who has it in charge, has collected a large number of historical portraits of great interest; the members of the Continental Congress hang on the walls in one room, and below them are the very chairs and the table that they used. A second large room is made a kind of museum. Among its attractions already collected are—a grand, stately picture of George III. in his youth; full lengths of William and Mary and Queen Anne; Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Charles II.; the Sharpless collection of cabinet in colored crayons, including all the men and women of any note in this country from 1787 to 1800; some exquisite china and glass, fine old furniture, and everything that had to do with the life of that age. The hall is really a most interesting place to visit.

A chime of thirteen bells, representing the old thirteen States, has been completed by a Washington firm for exhibition at the Centennial. They will be placed in the northeastern tower of Machinery Hall. They weigh 21,000 pounds, the largest weighing 3,600 and the smallest 350 pounds. Their value is \$12,000. Three times during each day—sunrise, noon and sunset—their music will enliven the Centennial grounds. They were shipped to this city this week. Prof. Widdows, who will operate the bells at the exhibition, claims that the chime is the most harmonious in America.

The grounds have now been closed to all except officials, employees, exhibitors and quill-drivers. The peanut merchants and organ-grinders have taken up their quarters along the approaches, and administer to the wants of the daily throng of people in the most approved style. The nature of the work in progress required this closing up, though many complain of it. Hundreds of men are variously engaged, preparing the walks, planting trees and shrubbery as though they were one-sets, removing rubbish wherever building operations have ceased, thus making way for the gardener and the lawn-dresser, unloading goods from the cars, and otherwise bustling to have things in readiness for the opening. In next week's letter I will give some account of what the different States are doing, and the detail of arrangements for the comfort and convenience of visitors on the grounds.

How to Amuse the Children.

Parents are often at a loss to find amusement for the young people, which will at the same time, instruct their minds, cultivate the taste, and give them an appreciation for the beautiful.

A new and interesting art has recently been introduced to the public called "Decalcomanie," or Transfer Pictures. These Pictures are printed on prepared paper, in many colors and sizes, of almost every variety of subject, such as Heads, Landscapes, Flowers, Autumn Leaves, Insects, Comic Figures, &c., which can be instantly and permanently transferred to almost any article one may wish to ornament, such as Fans, Work Boxes, Vases, Flower Pots, Furniture and various articles of household use. When transferred these pictures, in beauty of color and artistic design, rival the most beautiful painting. The art is easily acquired, and children even soon become experts; the process of decorating articles with these pictures is novel, ingenious and highly interesting to young and old.

The manufacturers of these pictures, Messrs. J. L. Patten & Co., 162 William Street, New York, offer to send, by mail postpaid, ten selected samples of these pictures, full instructions for transferring the same, with 24 page catalogue, for ten cents, or for fifty cents they will send one hundred attractive pictures.

A son of Mr. E. J. Thomas, who resides near Munger school house, while playing with a pet sheep last Saturday afternoon, was thrown to the ground by the sheep, and dislocated the ulna at the elbow joint and fractured the radius. His father was at work in the woods and his mother on her way to tell him of their boy's injury, in attempting to cross a stream of water, sprained her ankle severely. Drs. Henton & Huntington were called. They reduced the fracture, and Dr. Huntington visiting them Tuesday, found both mother and son doing well.

—It is understood that the failure of St. John & Avery of New York severely hurts the Onondaga Salt Company, of Syracuse, as the firm owed them \$55,000.

Toronto, Canada, Notes.

A deaf and dumb society was formed last summer, but owing to the small membership, and its not being based on a good footing, it began gradually to fall away; so on Wednesday, the 5th inst., Dr. Palmer, Principal of the Ontario Deaf and Dumb Institution at Belleville, called a meeting of the deaf mutes of Toronto to be held on Thursday, the 6th inst., in Shaftesbury Hall, for the purpose of organizing a Deaf and Dumb Literary Society, similar to those in New York, Boston and Chicago.

In response to the above call about twenty assembled at the place above named. The chair was occupied by Dr. Palmer, who at the outset explained the object of the meeting, pointing out to those present the desirability of taking some steps for their general improvement, and suggesting that the only way to do so was to have a Literary Society formed, with a library and reading-room in connection therewith. The Dr. then requested those present to come forward and sign their names as acquiescing and the call was eagerly responded to. The following were then appointed a Committee to meet with Dr. Palmer, and draw up a constitution and by-laws to be submitted at a meeting, which was held the following evening: Wm. Temple, Chas. J. Howe, Geo. Broomfield, Andrew Clark, and Richard Slater. On the day following the above Committee met as requested, in one of the rooms of the Rossin House, where they prepared a report, which was submitted to the adjourned meeting in the evening, when it was unanimously adopted. After this the members elected from among themselves by ballot the following officers: President, Wm. Temple; Vice-President, Thos. Kirkpatrick; Secretary, Richard Slater; Treasurer, Chas. J. Howe; Librarian, George Broomfield. After the election the newly-elected President took the chair, and expressed his sentiments to the meeting, thanking them for the honor shown him; and promising to enter heartily into the duties of his office. The monthly dues were then fixed at twenty-five cents, and it was agreed to meet monthly, on Wednesday for the transaction of business. The Secretary was directed to address a circular to the citizens of Toronto soliciting their subscriptions to a fund to be applied in carrying out the objects of the Association. Dr. Palmer advised the members to have an Executive Committee appointed, and gave them some practical suggestions for their guidance. It was, on motion of one of the members, agreed to ask Dr. Palmer to become Patron of the association. Dr. Palmer accepted the honor, and in doing so congratulated the meeting on the success which had attended the enterprise. He stated that beginnings were generally small, and had no doubt that this organization would soon assume larger proportions. We would, he had no doubt, soon have a place of our own where we could profitably spend our evenings and improve our minds. He also stated that teachers from his Institution would be sent down at times to give us lectures. After some further interchange of sentiments the meeting closed by tendering a vote of thanks to Dr. Palmer, in recognition of the kindly interest taken by him in the welfare and improvement of the deaf and dumb.

TORONTONIAN.

The Central New York Institution.

Your casual friend of a fortnight ago, attempted to post you on life in these parts, and he posted you well on everybody and everything except himself. He is no casual personage, friend Rider; he has a consciousness, a frequency, and a bearing which even the canine residents of the neighborhood do not disdain to notice and recognize. Hence you will hardly be surprised when I tell you that several of these canines aforesaid receive from him, at every available opportunity, fresh progress toward the happy barking grounds.

Spring is fairly upon us. Do you doubt it, you have only to know that last Friday afternoon, at half past five, to be precise, the heavens darkened, thunder rumbled in the distance, the wind freshened and your casual friend snatching his overcoat and mentally adjuring his legs to do their duty, disappeared round the corner, and the distance to his boarding place vanished into mere nothingness. It was useless to time him for when we got to the corner of the course, like the Irishman's flea, he wasn't there. But it didn't rain. The spring shower was pitiless, as any number of respectable residents, who were out and suffered, will cheerfully testify.

We have cleaned up the grounds about the Institution, and with the advent of planting time we will decorate as our resources permit. Our boys are very handy in this particular; the work we can set them on at a pleasant afternoon they accept as good as play, and it certainly is a profitable outlet to the pent up exhilaration of the day. Every pupil likes his school and his teacher, and every one learns well. Such as are instructed in drawing, although the branch is one of very recent introduction, are making satisfactory progress, while the class in painting are doing splendidly. The studio is well worth a visit; the pictures on its walls, the work of the pupils' own brush, are recommendations in themselves. There hangs in the principal's office a picture which good judges say is superior to the original even. It certainly is not a bit inferior.

We have sixty-six pupils now, and we feel the need of an adequate building. It must not be inferred, however, that we are at our wits end to get along. It is nothing of the sort. We give each pupil room enough for proper requirements; abundant exercise, generous and wholesome diet. System and order prevail and things run smoothly.

The JOURNAL readers know that we have eight and a half acres of land, to build whatever we can upon. The when about it is at present known, if anywhere

only to the powers that be. However, I will tell you of one significant straw. Upon our land there is a pile of foundation stone, which was not there a month ago, and the architect is in constant consultation with the heads of the institution. Well, if there is no building this spring, the land will make an excellent ballfield, and it is hardly five minutes' walk from our present location.

They tell of an excellent trout stream six miles up in the country and Prof. C. and S. are going up some fine morning to see if there is anything to catch. Brother Conklin, don't you want to come along? No eels, flounders and such small fry this way. Nothing but trout.

C. S. M.

Rome, April 17, 1876.

Industrial Home Again.

MR. EDITOR.—Upon perusal of Mr. Swett's article in the JOURNAL of April 15th, I felt convinced of my folly in opposing the deaf and dumb, or workhouse plan any more. I acknowledge the necessity and feasibility of the project. With shame and sorrow I see that we, the New England deaf-mutes, are behind Mr. Swett's agents in matters of industry and energy. All of his agents are foreigners, and are smart enough to make money to support themselves and their friends abroad, while he complains of the constant appeal for help or relief from him by his deaf-mute neighbors.

In regard to the Morrison legacy, I believe it will necessitate the republication of the long disused *Gallaudet Guide*, as the by-laws of the New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes forbid either the repeal or change of the title of that publication, or that of the society. Of course, the almshouse plan can have no access to the legacy.

As to my fare to Salem being paid by a kind friend of mine, it does not in the least concern Mr. Swett, but as I am anxious to contribute my mite towards the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, I will sell to the highest bidder the letter which Mr. Swett wrote to me offering his assistance to get me into some office if I would come to Salem.

Yours respectfully,

C. AUG. BROWN.

Belfast, Maine, April 18th, 1876.

The Sun-Bonnet's Complaint.

BY MRS. M. S. C. BELCHES.

DEAR EDITOR:—Do not be startled at this appearance of a sun-bonnet in your sanctum. It is not often that one of my humble sisterhood quits her quiet retreat in the country to mingle with the busy crowd, for as long as we were treated with respect and civility, we troubled no one with our complaints, but the time has now come when forbearance ceases to be a virtue. The sun-bonnet, peculiarly American in its origin, and worn in the best days of this Republic, when virtue and modesty meant something more substantial than mere names, is now almost entirely thrown aside for the masculine head-dress of French courtesans, barely tolerated in your fine palace cars, and well nigh banished from your city houses of worship; for what lady, except the very aged, would have the temerity to enter into any of your fashionable sanctums attired in a sun-bonnet! And what dweller in any large town on our lines of railroad has not witnessed the following scene: On the arrival of the dashing express train with its fine palace cars, a gaily dressed individual bedazzled with chains, bows and flounces innumerable and whose "top-knot" is covered with something which presents the mingled appearance of a lamp post and a dish cloth, advances and immediately conductor and brakeman vie with each other in politeness. "This way, madam, let me take your sachel, hand-box, and umbrella," and carefully handed by conductor followed by the brakeman with arms filled with sachel, basket, hat, feathers and the other trappings they proceed to select for her the most comfortable seat. But just at this auspicious moment a timid sun-bonnet puts in an appearance and presto, change! The conductor observes something forward that demands his special and immediate attention and the sun-bonnet has to get aboard of the train as best it can, thankful, indeed, if its owner is not thrown on the floor by the sudden starting of the cars before a vacant seat can be procured, for, of course, the fine city gentlemen who crowded in to the ladies' car would not think of offering their seats "just for a woman in a sun-bonnet." Now, Mr. Editor, we have not the vanity to suppose that anything which we could say would bring ourselves and our humble sisterhood again into the favor of the gay and the giddy throng, but we think we have a right to demand common attention and civility when compelled to leave our quiet corner homes for the crowded city, oh, ye who lord it over the traveling public, and ye who occupy the uppermost seats in our synagogues, do ye never think of the days when ye were children, when wearied with play and fretted by the tyranny of older brothers and sisters and the bird girl, ye hailed with delight the appearance of mother's sun-bonnet coming through the gate, and ye rushed with your trials and vexations into the arms of the never-failing mother's love, and the sun-bonnet recalling, as it may do to many of you, the thought of a buried face hidden forever from mortal eyes, that has exchanged the modest and lovely sun-bonnet for a crown of glory that fades not away.

—Col. and Mrs. L. Parkhurst, formerly years residents of this town but now residing in Minneapolis, Min., are in town and their old friends and neighbors are glad to see them again.

—Last Sunday afternoon Rev. S. P. Gray preached at the Stone Quarry, and we understand that weekday evening meetings are held and much interest is awakened.

Wellington's Retraction.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Having noticed several articles in your paper purporting to have been written by "Civis," and being naturally indignant at the wrong done to my friend Farley, I called your Correspondent (Civis) a "notorious falsifier." Since then I have learned that the falsehoods heretofore noticed should not be attributed to him, and make all the reparation in my power by correcting the expression.

"Honor and shame from no conditions rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

WELLINGTON.

Brooklyn, April 18, 1876.

A Few Reflections.

Dear reader, in these remarks I hope I shall not be understood to advise, that you are in the habit of tedious minuteness in all your relations of facts and anecdotes.

Keep your conversation clear of envy, and to do it, the heart must be kept clear. I shall not stop to write a tirade against this crying sin. But I will point you to a noble example. Virgil and Horace were contemporaries—both poets—both panting after distinction—both patronized by the same hand—both caressed by the same nation, and both living and laboring for an immortality on earth and yet they ate at the same table, and in all their race, were friends.

Envy and jealousy never soured their dispositions, never marred their peace. Envy is one of the besetting sins of the student. He is sensitive, nervous, and loathes the approbation of men. He sees others, by some apparently fortuitous circumstances, prospered, caressed and honored, while he is forgotten and passed by.

What is more natural than that he should feel envy and show it in words, in severe, perhaps unjust remarks? Guard against the temptation. Envy is a demon which invariably dances attendance on men or women of small minds, and so far as it is shown, all understand it to be so.

Be cheerful in all your conversation. It can be made a habit, and will always render you agreeable.

We have so many weaknesses, so many crosses and so much that is up hill in life, that we love to meet a friend that is cheerful. The cultivation of cheerful tones and a cheerful manner of conversation, will add to your own comfort, and also to that of all with whom you associate.

1. Choose your company for profit just as you do your books. The best company and best books are those which are the most improving and entertaining. If you can receive neither improvement nor entertainment from your company, furnish one or both for them. If you can neither receive nor bestow benefit, leave that company at once.

2. Study the character of your company. If they are your superiors, ask them questions and be an attentive hearer; if your inferiors do them good.

3. When the conversation droops, revive it by introducing some topic of such general interest that all can say something upon it. Perhaps it will not be amiss to stock your mind, beforehand with suitable topics.

4. When anything is said new, valuable or instructive, enter it in your memorandum book. Keep all that you can lay your hand on that is worth keeping but reject all trash.

5. Never be a cipher in company, try to please, and you will find something to say that will be acceptable. It is ill manners to be silent. What is true if said in an obliging manner, will be better received than entire silence, and a common remark may often lead to something valuable. Break a dead silence, at any rate and all will feel relieved and grateful to you.

6. Join in no hurry and clamor. If your point is handled briskly, wait till you have seen its different sides, and have become master of it. Then you may speak to advantage. Never repeat a good thing in the same company twice.

7. Remember that others see their foibles, and mistakes in a light different from what you do, therefore be careful not to oppose or animadvert too freely upon them in company.

8. If the company slander or are prone to revile in words, if that will do; if not by silence; and if that fails, withdraw.

9. Do not affect to shine in conversation as if that were your peculiar excellence and you were conscious of superior ability.

10. Bear with much that seems impertinent. It may not appear so to all and you may learn something from this. 11. Be free and easy, and try to make all the rest feel so. In this way much valuable thought may be drawn out. ONE VISITOR OF THE MUTE COMPANY.

New York, March 29th, 1876.

—It would be proper for Mr. Winegar when he addresses the Press Association to pour out several vials of acridulated wrath on those newspapers which are making fun of his name.—*Watertown Times*.

—Mr. L. F. Alfred, of this village, has a gun in his possession that formerly belonged to his father, which is one hundred years old.

—L. R. Muzzy, of the Democrat, was in town yesterday and gave us a call. Pulaski agrees with him we think for he looked so handsome and had on such fine toggery we had to look twice before we recognized him.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. M. French, of Syracuse, spent last Sabbath in this village.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nichols and family, of Fulton, have been visiting at Mr. L. F. Alfred's.

—That side walk of our is a good job. It was built by Homer Ames and S. T. Kenyon.

A Medical Phenomenon.

A few weeks ago we gave a brief account concerning a woman by the name of Stainsby, who died on the 18th inst. The deceased, Martha Stainsby, lived with her mother, on the Colosse road, about two and a half miles from this village. Mrs. Stainsby has been sick for ten years, and during three years of that time has been bed-ridden and helpless, the result of a nervous disease.

Early in April last, Martha was taken sick with a neuralgic affection of the face and head, which she thought proceeded from decayed teeth.

From April to August she suffered from this trouble, and at last had them extracted, which was a very difficult operation, performed gratuitously by H. H. Dobson, of this village. On her way homeward wistaken with pains in the left side, just below the ribs, which were so severe as to throw her into convulsions. It is said that sometimes she had as many as a hundred in twenty-four hours. From her side the pain went to her chest, and from there it went to her throat, and then she experienced much difficulty in swallowing.

From the 20th to the 27th of February she took no nourishment except a tablespoonful of cream each day. On the 27th of February the last successful attempt was made to introduce food into her stomach. At that time the convulsions were so violent as to make it seem best to abstain from any further attempts.

After this time her physicians, Drs. Heaton and Huntington, treated her with hyperdermic injections, introducing medications into the arms, and bathing her stomach, chest and bowels with milk and strong beef tea. All attempts to eat were useless, and about this time she expressed her belief that she would never be able to eat again. While at times she was unable to talk, she would express her wishes in writing on a slate, and with her eyes closed, wrote legibly and neatly.

At the time of her death, which occurred on Tuesday last week, she was conscious but unable to speak.

At the time of her decease she had lain fifty-eight days with no nourishment except the absorption of the milk and beef tea, not even drinking water.

A post mortem examination was made by Drs. Heaton and Huntington, on Wednesday. The throat, chest, lungs, liver, stomach and kidneys were in a normal condition. The left side, where the pain originated, was in a healthy condition.

Miss Stainsby's health had been good until her attack in April, and the physicians think her death was the result of extreme nervous prostration rather than of any disease or starvation.

The case is a very singular one, and has very much interested physicians and the public in general.

PARISH.

Rev. Wm. H. Hall, the new minister in charge here, is now a student in the Syracuse University. He will close his studies in June.

We notice that the M. E. Conference condemns the permission of selling ardent spirits at the Centennial grounds, Philadelphia. This is right. At the Grange quarters in Philadelphia, ardent spirits are not allowed to be sold. It is well to note that individuals outside the grange, of good moral character, will be admitted provided they are recommended by grangers. Gambling is also prohibited there. Rooms and board can be obtained at the grange quarters very cheap. Their quarters are only a few minutes' ride from the Centennial grounds.

W. S. Seymour now occupies the hardware store vacated by G. H. Paddock.

The lease of the Parish House having expired, Mr. Quintelle has left. He goes to the centennial.

Rev. Mr. Munger is on the supernumerary list of Methodist ministers. He is going to the centennial and has obtained a paper to admit him to the Grange quarters, so as to be on temperance ground.

Parish is designated as a Money Order Post Office by the P. O. department, to take effect in July. Good.

ODD.

Parish, April 17, 1876.

The many friends of Misses Mary Alden and Ella French, who used to reside in this village, may be interested in the following concerning the part they took in a concert given in the interests of the University Avenue church, in Syracuse, N. Y. We copy from the Wednesday Standard:

"The vocal and instrumental concert, in the interest of the University Avenue church, last evening, was well attended, and a success. The programme though entirely classical, was so varied as to suit every variety of taste. The instrumental pieces were especially fine. Those who have heard Miss French render only ordinary church music, can have but little appreciation of her power over the organ. The finest feature of the programme was her rendering of the 'First Communion' by Batiste. We had the pleasure of listening to the same selection, as rendered by Sheldon, some time since; while he shows wonderful mechanical skill, we feel safe in asserting that Miss French excels him in touch and expression. Miss Alden gave conclusive proof that she has a voice of no common power and volume, and one which shows the value of its rare and extensive training."

—Mrs. J. R. Stone is having her house repainted, building a new fence and making other improvements.

—Though we were riding with the sheriff the other day, we wish it understood we were not under arrest.

—S. M. Coon, of Oswego, gave us a call on Monday. He likes his new location.

Minister's Diet.

Rev. Mr. Talmadge is noted for illustrating very powerful truths with very homely language. The following regarding minister's diet is a specimen:

One reason why the apostles preached so powerfully was that they had healthy food. Fish was cheap along Galilee, and this, with unbolled bread, gave them plenty of phosphorus for brain-food. These early ministers were never invited out to late suppers, with chicken salad and doughnuts. Nobody ever embroidered slippers for the big foot of Simon Peter, the fisherman preacher. See that your minister has a full haversack. Feed him on gruel during the week, and on Sunday he will give you gruel. What is called the "parson's nose" in a turkey or fowl is an allegory setting forth that in many communities the minister comes out behind. A frail piece of sausage trying to swim across a river of gravy on the breakfast plate, but drowned at last; "the linked sweetness long drawn out" of flies in the molasses cup; the gristle of a tough ox, and mealy biscuit, and old peas in which the bugs lost their life before they had time to escape from the saucepan, and stale cucumbers cut up into small slices of cholera morbus, are the provender out of which we are trying at Princeton and Yale and New Brunswick to make Sons of Thunder. Sons of mush! From such depletion we step gassing into the pulpit, and look so heavily pale that the mothers in Israel are afraid we will evaporate before we get through our first sermon.

Democratic District Convention.

At a Democratic District Convention for the Third Assembly District, Oswego Co., held at the Court House at Pulaski, April 22d, 1876.

H. E. Root, of Sandy Creek, was chosen chairman. F. H. Berry, of Amboy, and W. G. Baxter, of Parish, were chosen Secretaries.

The following is the list of delegates present: ALBION.—N. G. Eastman, R. G. McAnley, Stephen Litts, James Bently, James Bullen.

AMBOY.—F. H. Berry, Phillip Hess, Jerry Foley.

BOYLSY.—Nelson G. Williams, J. A. Oudekirk, Judson Shoecraft, E. B. Woodward, E. Ward.

MEXICO.—G. A. Dayton, Sterling Newell, Joseph Simons, S. R. Spooner.

NEW HAVEN.—E. A. Granger, E. W. Jones, Geo. Howard, C. B. Hewitt, A. M. May.

ORWELL.—H. H. Potter, Henry Beadle, Albert Barker.

PARISH.—G. W. Ludington, T. J. Green, L. D. Snell, Edward Edick, W. G. Baxter.

RICHLAND.—A. R. Jones, W. F. Purdy, L. A. Gaylord, J. W. Cross, David Trumbull.

SANDY CREEK.—H. E. Root, H. W. Seeley, G. N. Harding, John Davis, A. Wart.

WILLIAMSTOWN.—J. M. Selden, T. S. Low, David Dunn, S. F. Hough.

The following persons were selected as delegates to the State Convention to be held at Utica, April 26, 1876.

Gilson A. Dayton, Jacob M. Selden, James A. Clark.

Alternates.—Benjamin F. Lewis, H. E. Root, F. S. Low.

A. R. Jones, of Richland, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously received by the convention:

Resolved, That this convention of delegates having the utmost confidence in the three noble men, and staunch democrats, that have been selected as delegates to the State Convention, have no instructions to give the said delegates, but that they are free to act as their own good judgment may prompt them.

H. E. Root, Chairman.
F. H. BERRY, Sec'y.
W. G. BAXTER, J.

Real Estate Sales.

Anson R. Jones to Thomas E. Perry, land in Richland \$100: March, 1876.

Hiram Pond to Frederick Pond, land in Mexico, \$4,000: November, 1874.

Horatio Daniels to Jenard Ball, land in Mexico, \$25.20: May, 1874.

Eleazer Rulison to Timothy W. Skinner, land in Albion, \$2,200: March, 1876.

James C. Calkins to Rosina G. Downing et al., land in Mexico, \$5: March, 1876.

Edward Buck to Adolphus Winner land in Richland, \$1,149: April, 1876.

J. H. Cary to Susan Seor, land in Redfield, \$600: Sept., 1875.

Johnathan Russell to Wm. Easton, land in Albion, \$650: April, 1876.

Peter Hilton to Eliza Bixby, land in Orwell, \$900: April, 1876.

Geo. R. Mosher to Peter Hilton, land in Orwell, \$650: Feb. J. Holts, land in Richland, 1,500: April, 1876.

F. J. Hollis to James Lacey, land in Richland, \$5,000: April, 1876.

Calvin Seeley to Ann Lacey, land in Richland, \$5,000: February, 1871.

Lydia Brooks, et al., to James Lacey, land in Richland, \$287.50: April, 1867.

Valentine Terpening to A. D. Soule, et al., land in Richland, \$5,800: April, 1876.

A. P. Soule et al., to Mary E. Robbins, land in Richland, \$1: April, 1876.

Mary E. Robbins, to Valentine Terpening, land in Richland, \$700: April, 1876.

—An overcoat, found in this village, may be had by the owner applying at this village.

—The annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will begin at Philadelphia on the 30th of June.

—Mr. C. B. Thompson, who has been confined to the house for three weeks past with lung fever, is now well enough to be out again.

News of the Week.

The Bullion Manufacturing Company, Woonsocket, R. I., has failed for over \$1,000,000, which exceeds assets by \$200,000.

The Bank of the State of New York has been authorized to resume business.

Fifteen pilgrims were drowned while crossing the river Vienne, near Paris, France, Thursday.

The Indiana Democrats have nominated James D. Williams, M. C., for Governor, John E. Neff for Secretary of State, B. C. Shaw for Treasurer, and a full State ticket; the State delegation to St. Louis was pledged to Gov. Hendricks; the platform declares for hard money, opposes contraction, believes in a greenback currency, calls for continued investigations, and opposes any payment of the rebel debt.

The Grand Vizier has assured the English and Russian ambassadors that the Porte has no intention of declaring war against Montenegro.

A powerful effort is making in Massachusetts to put R. H. Dana, jr., at the head of the delegation to Cincinnati.

Princess Isabella of Portugal is dead. France intends making a commercial treaty with the United States.

The State Assembly, on Friday, adopted a resolution to adjourn Wednesday, May 3.

The House of Representatives, on Friday, by a vote of 139 to 94, transferred the Indian Bureau from the Interior Department to the War Department.

John Dolan was hanged in New York, on Friday, for the murder of James H. Noe.

Five men, one white, one negro, and three Indians, were executed at Fort Smith, Indian Territory, on Friday.

The Indians have attacked several parties going to the Black Hills, and killed several persons.

The Apaches are leaving their reservation in Arizona because there is no food for them.

Don Platt testified before the Clymer committee, on Friday, that he received from \$10,000 to \$20,000 for using his influence with the Secretary of War to have Cowles & Brega's moth preventive used in the army.

Negotiations are in progress for the transfer of the entire New York Fire Insurance capital to New Jersey; this will throw some \$30,000 into the tax lists of New Jersey assessors.

The buildings on the Methodist camp meeting grounds at Tarentum, Pa., burned on Friday; loss, \$50,000; insurance, \$20,000.

The Governor has signed the bill providing a commission to investigate the affairs of the Elmira Reformatory.

Seven editors of the Dartmouth College paper have been suspended for not suppressing an article as requested by the faculty.

Up to Saturday the Treasury had paid out \$200,000 in silver.

The journeymen tailors at Rochester have made a demand for 20 to 40 cent additional pay on retail custom made clothing. Three-fourths of the dealers have signed a compact refusing the demand. The journeymen are not working.

Notice of appeal in the suit of Francis D. Moulton vs. Henry Ward Beecher from Judge Dykeman's decision, sustaining the defendant's demurrer, was served on Beecher's counsel, Monday.

The argument will take place at the general term at Poughkeepsie, May 8.

Elisha Hampson, of Duxbury, Mass., 67 years of age, had his head blown off, Monday, by an insane son, who was in the hands of the sheriffs.

At Heath, South Wales, Saturday, an explosion caused the roof of a tunnel to fall in, burying the workmen; a number of persons were killed.

Seventeen persons implicated in the murder of Mr. Margary, of the English expedition, will be executed at Bhamo, Burma, May 5.

Something About Texas.

Verily in Texas we have the full realization of Tom Moore's Utopia; a land that flows with milk and honey; a country of perpetual sunshine and perennial bloom; a paradise, upon which the winds of heaven blow not too harshly, except during a "northern"; and where the roses bloom all the year round, and the soul-soothing strains of the mosquito fall upon the ears of restless humanity from the 1st day of January to the 31st of December. Where peaches are as large as pumpkins, and rabbits as large as mules; where fleas have horns, and bats are as large as buzzards; where the houses have chimneys on the outside in order to keep them from falling to pieces, and no curtains to the windows, or carpets upon the floor. Where the men wear pistols and spurs, and occasionally indulge in the innocent recreation of putting out "each other's lights," as they familiarly term what in a more civilized country would be called murder. Where the women talk about the late "unpleasantness," as they term the rebellion; where farmers plow the land with a wooden plow, and harrow the same with a tree; where a ranchman considers himself hampered if there is a white inhabitant within ten miles of him, and has not the remotest idea of the number of his own stock; where, with a light and wholesome diet of corn bread and bacon, the enterprising inhabitants are happy year in and year out; where they house all their improved machinery in a fence corner, and it takes from ten to twelve yoke of oxen to haul an empty wagon over a smooth road, and requires from fifteen to twenty able-bodied men to milk a gentle cow; where five hundred brick and two colored men are a load for six mules; where the swine are thin and swift, and are fine exemplifications of root, hog or die. Where horses are very dear at ten and twelve dollars apiece, and can travel just as well upon two legs as four, often to the great disgust and discomfort of the unfortunate rider; where, with countless herds upon the hillsides, and ten thousand times ten thousand cattle upon the prairies, they eat Yankee butter all the year round, and do without milk; where every school is a college and every creek a river; where every boy is a man, and every man a colonel, and every other man a judge—of good whisky; where every hill is a mountain and every town a city; where they have from four to five different kinds of weather in a single day, and a person never gets sick but what death is sure to follow; where farmers never get out of debt, and it is impossible to find a single man who was not rich before the war; where land is cheap, and twenty different persons claim the same with apparently equally good titles; where the Sabbath is not recognized, and everybody wants to know what your name was before you came to Texas.

Texas might fitly be compared to a modern mouse-trap, easy to get into, but hard to get out of. Fourteen dollars will bring the unwary emigrant to Texas, from any part of the North; but it takes four times that amount to enable him to return; hence he is liable to linger there, for an ordinary lifetime is far too short to enable him to acquire sufficient cash to get home again. According to a recent report of the Attorney-General of Texas, upwards of two thousand murders have been committed in that State in the last twelve months. A peaceable and harmonious state of society indeed! To my Mexican friends, I would say, sell your homes of ease and affluence; leave your schools and churches, and all the luxuries of an advanced civilization, and pack your baggage and leave on the first train for this howling wilderness, where you can successfully starve to death, or eke out a miserable existence in vainly endeavoring to be happy, and, finally, for a change, go mad.

Mexico, April 20, 1876.

A Long Honeymoon.

Madame Gay-Lussac recently died at an advanced age. Her husband found her in a haberdashery shop reading a treatise on chemistry, and was so impressed by the girl's beauty and intelligence that the embryo peer of France proposed and was accepted. They were hardly married a year when he was conveyed home, his eyes nearly burned in his head from an explosion in his laboratory. For twelve months he had to keep his room, and could support only a feeble night light, by which his wife read to him. She was not only beautiful, but witty, and distinguished in society. She was her husband's private secretary, and her writing could not be distinguished from his. Their honeymoon lasted forty years.

Lake Titicaca, situated on the crest of the Andes, is the most singular lake in the world. It is about the size of Lake Ontario, and is the highest body of fresh water in the world, being about 12,500 feet above sea-level. On an island in it are the ruins of the Temple of the Sun, and around it are various monuments attesting the skill of the Incas. This lake never freezes over, and two little steamers do a thriving business upon its waters.

Macon, Ga., furnishes the following remarkable verdict on the body of a child found dead: "We find that said deceased came to its death by the hands of its mother, unknown. From the decided condition of the body we believe deceased has been dead some time." Appended to this is a certificate duly signed by a well known citizen, as follows: "I certify that deceased is not able to bury itself."

Something of a wag: a dog's tail.

Fashions for Spring, 1876.

Affections are cut close, are worn by old and young, and are equally becoming to all. They are useful for every-day wear, for hill-climbing, and rock-scaling. They come mostly in the old decided colors, and are worn long or short to suit the taste or convenience of the wearer.

Honor is beginning to be considered a somewhat antiquated goods. Several large houses are selling out below cost, preparatory to going out of business, "as there is no profit in it," they say. Large stocks have accumulated on their hands, as they found few purchasers for even the finest quality. Some apparently fine dealers have failed entirely, and closed up for want of capital.

Generosity was much worn at the holiday season. It is not an imported goods, but of home manufacture, and comes in all prices and grades. Intellect is much sought after at certain shops, where it is supposed to be found. A "shoddy" article is often palmed off upon shoppers, a quality with a cotton back and a satin figure. But those really desirous of purchasing can always find a genuine article, and it is within the means of the poor.

Fraud, though not as popular as it was last year, is occasionally worn as a *negligé* by those retreating into bankruptcy, and at the reception of creditors by their two per cent. debtors.

There is another garment shown at the openings which promises to be as great a favorite this spring as ever. Its common name is Love. It comes in suits, prices ranging from one hundred to many thousand dollars per suit. It is made to order when desired. Sometimes much profit is realized on the sales. Many who have purchased say that it can be turned and made over for another season. There is much counterfeiting in the market. It requires a practiced eye to detect the false. Only the real will wear; the frail imitation soon gets shabby by dust and friction. I am told that some of our leading fashionables invest in the cheap material, and trimmed up nicely it is thought to look as well as the genuine.

Policy is one of the most popular overgarments of the season. It seems to be worn by all ages and classes. It is considered the "correct thing" for court, business, or society. Some skill is required in wearing it, so that the lining, which is often of a different texture, shall not show. Those designed for ladies are often trimmed with a bewildering combination of puffs, bows and folds; those for gentlemen are ornamented with red tape.

Orthodoxy is not so high or straight as in former seasons, nor buttoned so closely. Heresy is very popular, especially when worn with white neck-ties.

Creds are not so much imported as at one time, but are home-made, which causes a great variety.—"Bric-a-Brac," *Scribner for May*.

ROMANCE AND REALITY. She was a romantic young lady, and he, her father, took a practical view of everything. She looked up from her book in botany, and inquired:

"Father, did you ever study botany?" He was interested in his paper, and did not reply, and presently she continued:

"Papa, what flower do you prefer?" "Flour, eh?" I always got that made from winter wheat, if I can—I think it makes better bread!"

She sighed and wished there was a young man on the other end of the sofa.

Lincoln's Favorite Children.

In his oration at the unveiling of the Lincoln monument at Washington on the 14th, Frederick Douglass said: "First, midst and last you and yours were the object of his deepest solicitude. You are the children of Abraham Lincoln. We are at best only his step-children, by adoption, children by force of circumstances and necessity. To you it especially belongs to sound his praises, to preserve and perpetuate his memory, to multiply his statues, to hang his pictures on your walls, and commend his example, for to you he was a great and glorious friend and benefactor. Instead of supplanting you at this altar, we would exhort you to build his monuments; let them be of the most costly material, of the most costly workmanship; let their forms be symmetrical, beautiful and perfect; let their bases be upon solid rocks, and their summits lean against the unchanging blue overhanging sky, and let them endure forever! But while in the abundance of your wealth and in the fulness of your just and patriotic devotion, you do all this, we entreat you to despise not the humble offering we this day unveil to view; for while Abraham Lincoln saved for you a country, he delivered us from a bondage, according to Jefferson, one hour of which was worse than ages of the oppression your fathers rose in rebellion to oppose."

A Man's Daily Food.

From eight to twelve ounces of dry food in the day, according to Dr. Nichols, amply sufficient to keep a man in perfect health, and all his powers and faculties at their highest efficiency; but, since water enters so largely into the composition of everything, it would take two pounds or more of food as it comes to the table to furnish the eight or twelve ounces of solid nutriment. In proof of his statements as to the sufficiency of his allowance, Dr. Nichols quotes the well-known case of the Venetian, Louis Cornaro, whose enfeebled constitution, restored by strict sobriety, became so healthy and vigorous, that at a hundred years old he was in full possession of all his faculties and all his powers.

You can get your Pictures framed at H. M. Bard's Furniture Rooms at reasonable rates.

Opening Ceremonies of the International Exhibition.

To oblige our readers we have taken some pains to secure in advance the programme of the ceremonies selected for the opening of the Exhibition, May 10, 1876, and we would suggest that all who can should be present on that occasion, when, in addition to the fact that all the exhibits will appear fresh and new, there will be the additional attraction of the great men of the time brought together by this event. Our fellow citizens will have the opportunity, perhaps never to occur again, of seeing the President and Vice-President of the United States, the entire Cabinet, the Supreme Court, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, and all the Ministers and Ambassadors from foreign nations. The commissioners of the governments represented in the Exhibition will all be present in their court costume; and last but not least, we shall have that true American and friend to the United States, Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, who has left Brazil specially to be present on this important occasion. The order of exercises will be as follows, as nearly as can be ascertained at the present time: The place selected is the beautiful terrace, between the Memorial Hall and the main building, where convenient platforms will be erected in semi-circular form, and handsomely decorated with the flags of all nations, gonfalons, shields, streamers, etc., etc. In the centre of this semi-circle will be performed the special ceremonies of the day; but prior to that the various dignitaries, learned bodies, etc., will be located in their proper positions as follows:

The President.
The Vice-President and Cabinet.
The Supreme Court.
The Diplomatic Corps.
The United States Senate and House of Representatives.
The United States Army and Navy.
Governors of States and Territories, with their respective staffs.
Mayors of Cities.
Legislature of Pennsylvania.
Board of State Supervisors.
Foreign Commissioners.
The United States Centennial Commission.
The United States Centennial Board of Finance.
The United States Government Board of Commissioners.

The Women's Executive Committee. Mayor and Councils of Philadelphia. Heads of Departments of Philadelphia. About half past ten in the morning, the persons invited having been conducted to their places in order, but not in formal procession, the orchestra of one hundred and fifty, conducted by Theodore Thomas, will play the national air of all the nations. The President of the United States will be conducted to the ground by Governor Hartranft, with such military escort as to the Governor may seem best. The President will enter the north door of the Memorial Hall and pass through to the platform, being received with the usual music.

The Grand March, written for the occasion by Richard Wagner, will then be rendered, and will be followed by the invocation of the Divine Blessing; original hymn, by John G. Whittier; original cantata, occupying about twelve minutes, words being by Sydney Lanier, of Georgia, and music by Dudley Buck, of Connecticut; brief presentation by General Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, reporting the exhibition to the President of the United States. The President, with a short speech, will then declare the exhibition opened; immediately the flags will be unfurled; the artillery will salute; the chimneys in the tower and other great bells on the ground will ring, and the chorus of six hundred voices will render Handel's great Hallelujah. The Foreign Commissions will then move to their respective assignments in the main building.

The President, escorted by the Commission, the Board of Finance, their chiefs of departments, architects, engineers, etc., and the invited guests, will enter the north doors of the main building and move, accompanied by the music of great organs, first to the east and then to the west, along the great avenue, in such manner as to pass by each national commission. The procession will cross to machinery hall and walk down the main avenue to the centre. Then the President of the United States will, with his own hand, start the enormous Corliss engine, its thirteen acres of machinery will be put in motion, and the exhibition will be open to the world. There may follow more or less formal receptions in the judge's hall and the quarters of the Commission.

Theodore Thomas has general charge of the music. Dudley Buck conducts the chorus, which is chosen from the musical associations of Philadelphia. There is only one solo in the cantata—a brief passage—which will be sung by Myron W. Whitney, of Boston, the well-known basso profundo. The magnificence of the occasion should bring to Philadelphia every patriotic citizen within a moderate distance, and arrangements will doubtless be made that will secure prompt and reasonable transportation. As the various restaurants will be open within the grounds there will be an opportunity to test the capacity and resources of each.—*Travelers Official Railway Guide*.

Fashionable Millinery.

Mrs. Temple has just opened a choice stock of millinery, at the old stand, corner Main and Washington Sts., to which she takes pleasure in calling the attention of the ladies of Mexico and vicinity; and is now ready with a full line of Hats, Bonnets, Ribbons, Silks, Flowers, Neckties, &c. Straw work done with neatness and dispatch.

Mexico, April 11, 1876. 24-3

Defaulting Town Collector.

Officers arrived in this city last evening in search of Richard Kenyon, collector of the town of Amboy, Oswego county, who absconded with official funds to the amount of \$2,900, on Monday last. The defaulting was not discovered until yesterday, although the recent collector has been a fugitive since Monday last. On that day he informed his friends that he was going out of town on business connected with his office, and by private conveyance made his way to Hastings station on the Northern road. He could have reached the railroad at Parish, a much nearer and more accessible point, but for some reasons best known to himself he avoided that station and arrived at Hastings, where he lingered a day. He then came on to this city, and was here all day Wednesday. Most of his time he spent in a big debauch about town.

At four o'clock he entered Kent & Miller's clothing store in a very unsober condition. He selected a suit of clothes, which he paid for out of a check for \$300 on a firm in Amboy. He was subsequently escorted to the Syracuse House by a clerk from the clothing store, being too much intoxicated to go unassisted. He registered at the hotel as "Dick Kenyon, Amboy, New York," was assigned a room and went to bed. He arose of his own accord at about ten o'clock the same night, "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," having sobered him. Kenyon informed the hotel clerk that he was going west on the 11:45 train, paid his bill and departed. Further of the defaulting is not known, except that he had a draft on New York for \$200 converted into ready money at some bank in this city.

The gentlemen who are on his track, and to whom we are indebted for the facts are Mr. Phillip Hess, supervisor of the town of Amboy, and Mr. E. G. Lynch, a lawyer of the same place. The former gentlemen with Clark T. Stanton, of Amboy, and the principal sureties of the absconding collector's bail bond. Messrs Hess and Lynch learned from Mr. Riley Miller the facts, as far as they were known to him, and got a description of the clothes which the trust purchased at the store. They had information last night that their man was in Buffalo, and consequently took the 11:45 train west after him.

We learn that Kenyon is a man of family, having forsaken a wife and two children, with his ill-gotten gains. He has always borne a good name and character in the community in which he resided, his only failing being a spasmodic addiction to intemperance. The discovery of his crime and flight has starved the whole community.—*Syracuse Courier, Friday*.

MILTON S. PRICE'S CARPET DEPARTMENT! I am daily receiving by Latest European Steamers New Designs and Private Patterns in English Body BRUSSELS CARPETS, English TAPESTRY BRUSSELS CARPETS, ENGLISH INGRAIN CARPETS, Etc., Etc., Which I am selling at a Great Reduction from last year's prices.

Particular attention is called to my Large Stock, which represents all the best makes of both

EUROPE AND AMERICA! and at LOWER PRICES Than the Quotations of any other Dealer in Syracuse or the State. MILTON S. PRICE, 38 and 40 South Salina St., Syracuse

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 2000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. 10-ly



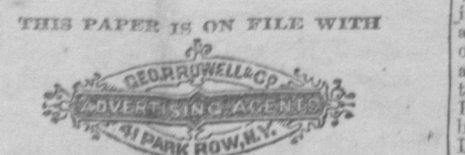
A Work for the Million. The Most Remarkable Production of the Age. HISTORY REDUCED TO A SCIENCE. BY PROF. P. A. EMERY.

A LARGE Chart Illustrating RELIGION and SCIENCE, their agency and operation in the Fall and Restoration of Man (society). A scientific delineation of history, based on Mathematics and the laws of cycles or circular time, and approximating to the probable date of the Millennium, and end of the first cycle of time. Accompanied by a Manual explanatory of the Chart, briefly demonstrating the truths thereon delineated; and enlarging upon the Two Axioms of History.

To which is appended a brief Biography and the Phenomenal Character of the Author. Chart and Manual printed on the best of material. Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual nicely bound, \$5.00. Chart and Manual, plain, \$3.00. Mailed free on receipt of price. Address Mrs. Prof. P. A. Emery, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

This Chart is so original and unique that it must be seen to be appreciated. His biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the Am. University of Phila.) says: "These charts, with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially so for a self-educated man, and he a man, who, almost isolated from the world and cut off from its numerous advantages; shut up, so to speak, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. They transcend anything known in the 'silver world,' and are unequalled by anything of the kind ever attempted by anyone."

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples sent worth \$1 free. STIMSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 10-ly



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

\$12 A DAY at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 10-ly

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

For 1876.

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

{The Journal} {A Marvel of Deaf-} {for 1876,} {Mute Journalism.}

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT

no acceptable to our better class of readers, we during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER.

This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on this aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the Journal Progressive

In every sense of the term, and in all respect we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS

Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal: One copy one year, postage paid, \$1 50. One copy six months, 75. Clubs of ten, 1 25.

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.

Address: DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

THE FOLLOWING WORKS

Published or for sale by BAKER, PRATT & CO.

Nos. 142 & 44 Grand St., NEW YORK CITY.

Will be sent by mail on receipt of price with ten per cent added for postage.

Peet's Course of Instruction, FOR THE DEAF and DUMB.

Elementary Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 308. Price 75 cents.

Scripture Lessons, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 96. Price 30 cents.

Course of Instruction. Part III, Fully Illustrated. Pp. 232. Price \$1.00.

Containing a development of the verb; illustrations of idiomatic lessons on the different periods of human life; natural history of animals, and a description of each month in the year. This is one of the best reading books that has ever been prepared for deaf-mutes, and furnishes an excellent practical method of making them familiar with pure, simple, idiomatic English. It is well adapted also for the instruction of hearing children.

History of the United States of America, by Harvey P. Peet, LL. D. Pp. 423. Price \$1.50.

Extending from the discovery of the continent to the close of President Lincoln's administration. A work of great accuracy, written in a pure, idiomatic style, and pronounced by good judges to be the best and most instructive history of the country that has ever been condensed within the same compass.

Manual of Chemistry, by Dudley Peet, M. D. Pp. 125. Price 75 cents.

Manual of Vegetable Physiology, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Pp. 42. Price 25 cents.

Language Lessons, by Isaac Lewis Peet, LL. D. Script Type. Pp. 232. Price \$1.25, (including postage.)

Designed to introduce young learners, deaf-mutes, and foreigners to a correct understanding and use of the English language.

It is believed that this book will meet a want long felt, as the directions for use are so minute that any one, even without previous familiarity with the instruction of deaf-mutes, may with the aid satisfactorily carry forward their education. It is therefore adapted for home instruction as well as for use in the classroom. In the latter it is admirably fitted to serve as a standard of attainment and a means of securing uniformity of method, thus rendering classification easier, and obviating the injury which often arises from transferring a pupil from one teacher to another. By its means the education of a deaf-mute can be successfully commenced at a very early age. In order to employ it to advantage it is not necessary to forego the use of other text-books, but it will, it is thought, supply many deficiencies, and moreover form in the pupil the habit of thinking in language.

With this view it need not be confined to elementary classes, as all the pupils in an institution would derive a benefit from going through the exercises.

CULLINGWORTH'S ALPHABET CARDS.

70,000 Sold in Three Years.

The cheapest and best adapted for the use of your relatives and friends on account of the convenient size and clear and elegant design.

Both single and double hand, 25 for 25 cents, 50 for 50 cents, 100 for \$1.00.

In lots of not less than 100 single-hand cards, with your name on the back, Price per 100, \$1.00

The only Complete CENTENNIAL GUIDE, WITH MAPS OF THE

Exhibition Grounds, The Principal Buildings, and their National Divisions; and also

OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA,

showing street car lines and places of interest and giving a great variety of information, useful to strangers, especially

DEAF-MUTES.

Price, by mail, 30 cents. WM. R. CULLINGWORTH, Box 2258, Philadelphia, Pa.

Annual Sales TWO MILLIONS OF DOLLARS

D. McCarthy & Co.

49, 51 & 53 South Salina St., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

For 40 Years

THE LEADING DRY GOODS HOUSE OF CENTRAL NEW YORK.

READ THE FACTS.

With a very much longer experience in the business than any competitor; with ample means to avail ourselves of the advantages which sudden fluctuations of the market often present to large buyers who are on the spot; with a corps of shrewd and experienced buyers located in the principal Eastern markets, and in the manufacturing districts of the Old World, we claim, and

It is a Just Claim

that our goods are purchased At a Smaller Net Cost

than the stock of any competitor we have. Therefore, We Can Afford

TO SELL ALL CLASSES OF GOODS MUCH BELOW PREVAILING PRICES!

We handle so many goods, also, that WE can afford to do it at

At a Very Small Margin.

Our stock is as large as that of all the other Dry Goods Houses Combined.

The Variety of Goods, Is of course, immense.

LEADING DEPARTMENTS Will be Noticed—Separately—in this Column from month to month.

OUR SPRING IMPORTATION OF Gold Medal House Linens! IS NOW DISPLAYED.

Our enormous stock of Foreign and Domestic Carpets Will be Complete by the 1st of MARCH.

New lines of the Choicest Black and Colored Dress Silks,

Now passing through the Custom House will be opened by the 10th prox. And on Wednesday, March 1st, We shall open

80,000 YARDS OF Pacific Percales,

In Remnants. This announcement will delight many of our readers, who know these goods to be the Finest Printed Cambrics in the market. The variety of Patterns is larger than usual, and present, many new and beautiful effects.

PRICE—Only 10 Cents per yard.

D. MCCARTHY & Co. Syracuse, Feb. 29, 1876.

Co-partnership.

I, Henry C. Peck, have this day taken into partnership my son, Charles A. Peck, and the business which has for so long a period been carried on by me, will hereafter be conducted by the firm of Henry C. Peck & Son. Mexico, Feb. 1, 1876.

All persons indebted to the undersigned will greatly oblige him by settling their accounts immediately, as it becomes necessary to open new books.

HENRY C. PECK.

NOTICE.—Notice of application for discharge of an insolvent from the hands, pursuant to the provisions of article 3d of title 1st of chapter fifth of the second part of the revised statutes. Willard H. Slocum, Applicant. Notice just published, Jan. 7th, 1876. Creditors to appear before Hon. Cyrus Whitney, County Judge, of Oswego County, N. Y., at his chambers in the city of Oswego, on the 20th day of February, 1876, at 10 A. M.

B. G. LEWIS, Attorney for Insolvent.

Down Great Bargains TO IN

SPECIE. Harness Save Your Money

AND Patronize Home Institutions.

DON'T GO TO Pulaski, Syracuse, Fulton or Oswego FOR YOUR Harnesses

WHEN YOU CAN Buy them Cheaper AT BROWN'S of MEXICO.

SEE THE PRICES

Good Farm Harness, - \$30 00 " " " with breeching, 35 00

Single Harness from \$10 to \$35 for best. A No. 1 team Collars per pair, 65 60

Good five-ringed Halters, pair, 2 00 With stables, - 2 50

Web Halters, - - - 75 Harness Oil, per quart, - - 50

All other goods in my line proportionately low. REPAIRING A SPECIALTY. All work warranted.

P. S.—Full Plated Single Harness, \$25. Remember the place—the store formerly occupied by the late Benjamin Gregory, on the south side of Main St.

JACOB T. BROWN. Mex. Y., Dec. 1, 1875. 5-2m

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

Whereas, Charles F. Miller, of the Town of Granby, in the County of Oswego, has lately made application to our Surrogate of the County of Oswego, to have a certain instrument in writing, relating to real and personal estate, proved as last will and testament of said deceased, to-wit: Charles F. Miller, deceased; and each of you are hereby cited and required personally, to be and appear before our said Surrogate, at his office in the village of Fulton, in said county of Oswego, on the 20th day of April next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, and there to attend to the probate of